

30c
LETTERS

OF

Sir *Henry Wotton* K

TO

Sir *Edmund Bacon.*



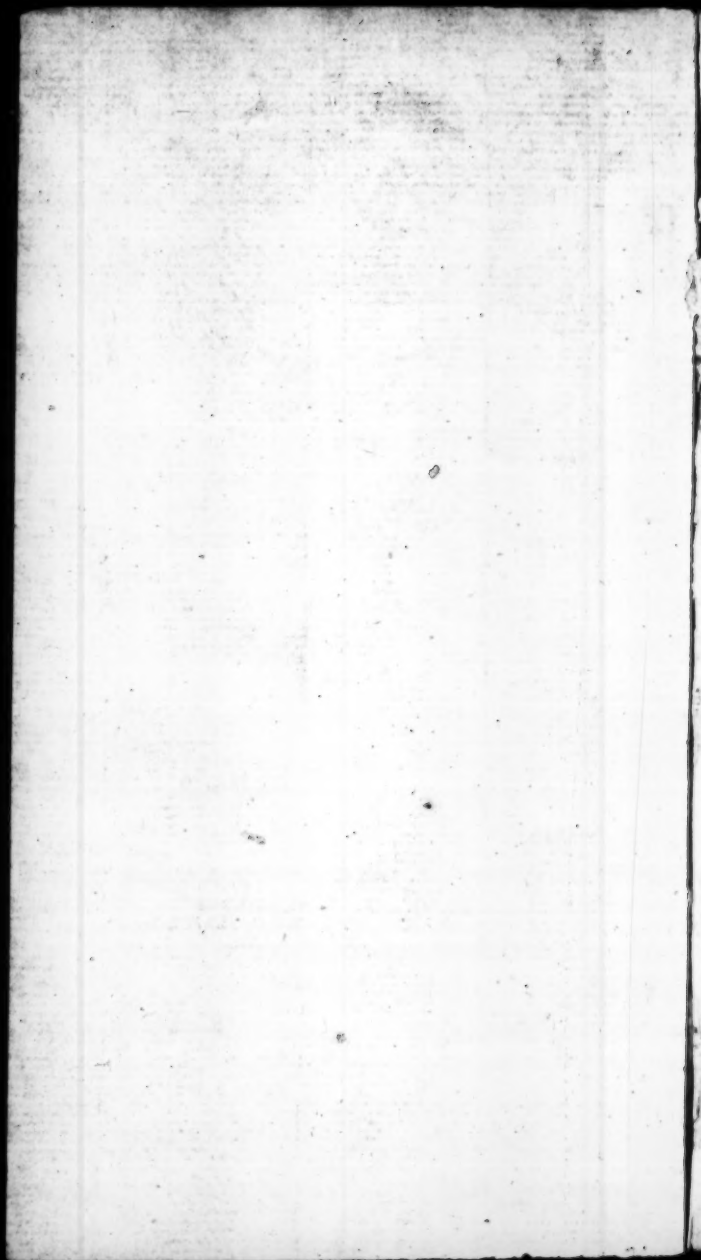
LONDON,

Printed, by R. W. for F. T. at the
three Daggers in Fleet-street.

1661.

Ex lib. P. de Cardomel. 1662.

36



Theo. Birch

alt. 31° 1731





THE
P R I N T E R
TO THE
READER.

TO remove all suspicion
that may arise con-
cerning these Letters
published so long after
the Authors death, these are to
assure you, that they are printed
from the Originals written with his
own hand, though without this
A 2 assurance

*assurance the spirit of them will
sufficiently discover their Au-
thor.*

Farewell.

Letters.



Letters.

S I R,

IT is very just, since I cannot Personally accompany this Gentleman; yet that I do it with my Letter : wherein if I could transport the Image of mine own minde unto you, as lively as we have often represented you unto our selves abroad, then I should not think us asunder while you read it : But of my longing to see you I am a better feeler then a describer, as likewise of my Obligations towards you ; whereof it is not the least that I have been by your mediation, and judgement, and love furnished with so excellent a

A

Com.

Comforter of my absence, and so loving and discreet a divider and easer of my Travels; after whose separation from me, I am ready to say that which I remember the younger *Pliny* doth utter with much feeling, after the loss of his venerable and dearest friend *Corollius Rufus*; *Vereor* (saith he) *ne posthac negligentius vivam*. But herein my case is better then his: for I cannot but hope that some good occasion will bring him again nearer me: And I must confess unto you, I should be glad to see him planted for a while about the King or Prince, that so if his own fortune be not mended by the Court, yet the Court may be bettered by him in that which it doth more desperately want. Now, Sir, Besides himself, there cometh unto you with him an *Italian* Doctor of physick, by name *Gaspero Despotini*: a man well practised in his own faculty, and very Philosophical and sound
in

in his discourses. By birth a *Venetian*; which though it be not *Urbs ignobilis* (as *St. Paul* said of his own Mother-City;) yet is his second birth the more excellent, I mean his illumination in Gods saving Truth; which was the only cause of his remove, and I was glad to be the conductor of him where his conscience may be free, though his condition otherwise (till he shall be known) will be the poorer. This stranger I was desirous to present unto you as my friend, in his company; whose testimony may more value him then mine own: And so committing them both to your love, and your self with all that family to Gods blessing hand, I rest,

Your poor friend

From my Lodging

in *King-street* this and Servant,

2^d. Apr. 1611.

HENRY WOTTON.

A 2

Sir,

Sir,

IT is late at night, and I am but newly come to the knowledge that my Lord is to send a Messenger unto you to morrow morning: yet howsoever, I have resolved not to be left out of this dispatch, though in truth I had rather be the footman my self, then one of the Writers. But here I am tyed about mine own business; which I have told you like a true Courtier: for Right-Courtiers indeed have no other business but themselves. Our Lord *Jesus* bless you all as you are now together, and wheresoever you shall be.

From *Green-
wich*, the 27.
May, 1611.

Your Uncle by your
own Election, and
your servant by
mine,

HENRY WOTTON.

March

March the last, 1613.

Sir,

I Returned from *Cambridge* to *London* some two hours after the King. The next day was celebrated with 20 Tilters, wherein there entered four fraternities: the Earls, *Pembroke* and *Mongommery*: my Lord *Walden*, *Thomas* and *Henry Hawards*, the two *Riches*, and the two *Alexanders*, as they are called (though falsly) like many things else in a Court. The rest were *Lenox*, *Arundel*, *Rutland*, *Dorset*, *Shandowes*, *North*, *Hey*, *Dingwel*, *Clifford*, Sir *Thomas Sommerfet*, and Sir *John Harrington*. The day fell out wet to the disgrace of many fine Plumes. Some Caparisons seen before, adventured to appear again on the Stage with a little disguisement, even on the back of one of the most curious: So frugal are the times, or so indi-

gent. The two *Riches* only made a speech to the King: the rest were contented with bare Imprese: whereof some were so dark, that their meaning is not yet understood; unless perchance that were their meaning, not to be understood. The two best, to my fancy, were those of the two Earls Brothers: The first a small exceeding white Pearl, and the word, *Solo candore valeo*. The other a Sun casting a glance on the side of a Pillar, and the Beams reflecting, with this Motto, *Splendente refulget*. In which devices there seemed an agreement; the elder brother, to allude to his own nature, and the younger to his fortune. The day was signalized with no extraordinary accident, save only between *S^r Thomas Haward*, and *S^r Thomas Sommerfet*, who with a counter-buff had almost set himself out of the saddle, and made the others Horse sink under him; but they both came fairly

fairly off without any further disgrace. Of the merits of the rest I will say nothing, my Pen being very unfit to speak of Launces.

To this solemnity of the publick Ambassadors, only the Arch-Dukes was invited, for the healing of the distaste he had taken for the preference of the *Venetian* at the marriage. But I doubt the Plaister be too narrow for the sore; which he seemed not much discontented that men should note in his whole countenance that day. Towards the Evening a challenge passed between *Archie* and a famous Knight, called *S^r Thomas Parsons*; the one a fool by election, and the other by necessity: which was accordingly performed some two or three dayes after at Tylt, Tornie, and on foot both compleatly armed, and solemnly brought in before their Majesties, and almost as many other meaner eyes as were at the former. Which

bred much sport for the present, and afterwards upon cooler consideration much censure and discourse, as the manner is.

The departure of the Count *Palatine* and my Lady *Elizabeth* is put off from the *Thursday* in the *Easter-week*, till the *Tuesday* following: which day I think will hold. The Commissioners that accompany her, have the titles of Ambassadors, to give them precedency before Sir *Ralph Winwood* at the *Hague*; and likewise in any encounters with *Almaigne* Princes. Sir *Edward Cecil* goeth as Treasurer to keep up that Office in the name, though it be otherwise perhaps from a General, rather a fall then an ascent. Before this journey there is a conceit, that the Duke of *Lenox* will be naturalized a Peer of our Parliament, and my Lord of *Rochester* be created Earl of *Devonshire*. The forraign matter is little increased since my last unto
you

you from *Cambridge*. The *Savoy* Ambassador not yet arrived. The *Turks* designs hitherto unknown, and marching slowly according to the nature of huge Armies: In which suspence the *Venetians* have augmented their guard in the Gulf: enough to confirm unto the world, that States must be conserved, even with ridiculous fears. This is all that the Week yieldeth. My Lord and Lady have received those letters and loving salutations which my Foot-man brought. And so with mine own hearty prayers to God for you, and for that most good Neece, I commit you both to his blessing and love.

*Your faithfullest of un-
profitable friends,*

HENRY WOTTON.

I pray Sir remember me very particularly to my Cofin *Nicholas*
A 5 your

your worthy Brother, for whose health our good God be thanked.

Sir *James Cromer* is this week dead of an Aposteme in his stomach, and in him the name; unless his Lady (as she seemeth to have intention) shall revive it with matching one of her four Daughters with a *Cromer* of obscure fortune, which they say is latent in your shire.

Sir,

I Have newly received your last of the 25th of *April*, and acquainted my Lord with the Postscript thereof touching your Fathers sickness; of which he had heard somewhat before by Sir *R. Drurie*: who at the same time told him the like of my Lady your Mother; but we hope now that the one was never true, and that the other (which you confirm) will be light and sufferable, even at heavy years. The

The long-expected Ambassador from *Savoy* arrived yesternight at *Dover*: so as now I begin by the virtue of a greedy desire to anticipate before-hand, and to devour already some part of that contentment which I shall shortly more really enjoy in your sight and conversation.

Sir *Thomas Overbury* is still in the Tower, and the King hath since his imprisonment been twice here, and is twice departed, without any alteration in that matter, or in other greater.

My L. of *Rocheſter*, partly by some relapse into his late infirmity, and partly (as it is interpreted) through the grief of his minde, is also this second time not gone with the King: some argue upon it, that disaffiduity in a Favorite, is a degree of declination; but of this there is no appearance: Only I have set it down to shew you the hasty Logick of Courtiers.

The

The Queen is on her journey towards *Bathe*.

My Lady *Elizabeth* and the Count *Palatine* having lyen long in our poor Province of *Kent* languishing for a Winde, (which she sees though it be but a vapour, Princes cannot command) at length on *Sunday* last towards evening did put to Sea. Some 8 dayes after, a Book had been Printed and published in *London* of her entertainment at *Heidelberg*, so nimble an age it is. And because I cannot end in a better jest, I will bid you farewell for this week, committing you and that most beloved Neece to Gods dearest blessings.

London this *Thursday* the 29th of
April, 1613.

Your own
in faithfull-
lest love,

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

Sir,

YOur Kinsman and friend Sir Robert Killigrew was in the Fleet from *Wednesday* of the last week, till the *Sunday* following, and no longer; which I reckon but an Ephemeral fit, in respect of his infirmity who was the cause of it; which to my judgement doth every day appear more and more hectical. Yesterday his father petitioned the King (as he came from the Chappel) that his son might have a Physician, and a servant allowed him, as being much damaged in his health by close imprisonment: which for my part I believe, for the diseases of fortune have a kinde of transfusion into the body, and strong-working spirits wanting their usual objects, revert upon themselves; because the nature of the minde being ever in motion, must either do, or suffer.

I take pleasure (speaking to a
Phi-

Philosopher) to reduce (as near as I can) the irregularities of Court to constant principles. Now to return to the matter: The King hath granted the Physician, but denied the servant: By which you may guess at the issue; for when graces are managed so narrowly by a King, otherwise of so gracious nature, it doth in my opinion very clearly demonstrate the asperity of the offence. Sir *Gervis Elvis* (before one of the Pensioners) is now sworn Lieutenant of the Tower, by the mediation of the House of *Suffolk*, notwithstanding that my Lord of *Rocheſter* was the commender of Sir *John Keyes* to that charge; which the said *Keyes* had for a good while (and this maketh the case the more strange) alwayes supplied even by Patent in the absence of Sir *William Wade*. Upon which circumstances (though they seem to bend another way) the Logicians of the Court do
make

make this conclusion: That His Majesty satisfying the *Suffolcians* with petty things, intendeth to repair the Vicount *Rocheſter* in the main and groſs. And therefore all men contemplate Sir *Henry Nevil* for the future Secretary; ſome ſaying that it is but deferred till the return of the Queen, that ſhe may be allowed a hand in his Introduction: Which likewise will quiet the voyces on the other ſide; though ſurely that point be little neceſſary: For yet did I never in the Country, and much leſs in the Court ſee any thing done of this kinde, that was not afterwards approved by thoſe that had moſt opposed it: ſuch viciffitudes there are here below, as well as of the reſt, even of judgement and affection. I would ſay more, but I am ſuddenly ſurprized by the Secretary of the *Savoy* Ambaſſador, who I think will depart about the end of the *Whitſon*-Holy-dayes, for which I
lan-

languish. With his businesſes I can acquaint you nothing till the next week, by reaſon of this ſurprizal: And beſides it hath diſturbed my Muſes ſo, I muſt remain ſtill in debt to my ſweet Neece for that Poetical Poſtſcript that dropped out of her pen. I do weekly receive your Letters, which in truth are more comfort, then I could hope to purchaſe by mine: ſo as whereas before I had determin'd to continue this my troubling of you but till I ſhould ſee you next, I have now made a reſolution to plant a Staple, and whenſoever we ſhall be ſeparated, to venture my whole poor ſtock in traffique with you, finding the return ſo gainful unto me. And ſo committing you to Gods deareſt bleſſings, I ever reſt

Your faithfulleſt poor
friend and ſervant,
The 14 of *May*,
1613.

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

Sir,

I Have not yet presented to my Lord that Box which came with your Letter of this week ; for he removed on *Wednesday* with the King and household to *Greenwich* : And I still remain here to shew you that the Court doth like a Load-stone , draw only those that are *intra orbem virtutis sue* : I mean, within the compass and circle of profit.

The *Savoy* Ambassador seemeth in his second audience to have discharged all his Commission ; or otherwise he wanteth authority to proceed further then to a general overture , till the arrival of the Caval^r. *Battista Gabaleoni* , who is hourly expected , and is here to remain as Resident for the said Duke.

With him likewise come certain other Gentlemen of title , who should from the beginning have dignified the Ambassadors Train ; but the cause of this stragling, was a sudden

sudden attempt, which the Duke immediately after the Ambassadors departure (who appointed those Gentlemen to follow him) made upon the Marquisat of *Monferrato*, where he surprized three Towns with the Petarde: the first time (as one writeth from *Venice*) that ever that pestilent invention had been put in practice beyond the Alpes.

The cause of this attempt, was for that the Cardinal *Gonzaga* (now Duke of *Mantua*) had yielded to send home the *Dowager* Infanta, to the Duke of *Savoy* her Father; but would retain her only child, a daughter of two years: in whose right, the said Duke of *Savoy* pretendeth colourably enough to the foresaid whole Marquisat; and clearly to all the moveables left by the late Duke of *Mantua* her Father, who died intestat. Into which point of Law, there entered besides some jealousy of State: being unfit for respects
that

that would have falln easily into the apprehension of duller Princes than the Italian, to leave a childe out of the custody of her Mother, in his that was to gain by the death of it : yet am I of opinion, who have a little contemplated the Duke of *Savoys* complexion, that nothing moved him more in this business, than the threatnings of the French Queen, who had before commanded *Didi-guires* to fall into the said Dukes estates by way of diversion, if he should meddle with the least Village in the *Monferrato* : which feminine menacement did no doubt incite him to do it out of the impatience of scorn ; And withall, he built silently upon a ground, which could not well fail him ; That the King of Spain would never suffer the French Souldiers to taste any more of the Grapes and Melons of *Lombardie*, because *L'apetit vient en mangeant* : which the issue of the businesses hath proved true :

true: for the Governor of *Milan*, having raised a tumultuary army of horse and foot, did with it only keep things in stay from farther progress on both sides, till the agreement was made between the Duke of *Mantua* himself in person, and the Prince of *Piedmont* within the Town of *Milan*. The accord is advertised the King from *Venice*, and *Paris*. The conditions will be better known at the arrival of *Gabaleoni*; and then likewise we shall see the bottom of this errand, which hath been hitherto nothing, but a general proposition of a match between the same Lady that was formerly offered, and our Prince now living: which the Ambassador hath touched so tenderly, as if he went to manage his Masters credit. Upon the whole matter, I cannot conceive (though he seemeth to let fall some phrases of haste) that he will be gone yet this fortnight or three weeks, till when I languish. And so

so let me end all my letters, ever
resting

Your faithfullest poor
friend and servant,

May 21. 1613.

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

I N my last I told you, that the
Ambassador of *Savoy* was to meet
the Queen at *Windsor*, which pains
she hath spared him by her own
coming yesternight to *Greenwich*:
where I think she will settle her self
a day or two before she admit him.
Now, seeing the time of the Com-
mencement at *Cambridge* so near as it
is, & being able to determine of this
Ambassadors departure within that
space, I have resolved to take those
Philosophical exercises in my way to
you, hoping in the mean time to see
Albertus admitted by oath to a
Clarkship of the Council, or at least
to

to the next vacancy : for he is now strong enough again to swear.

Sir *Robert Mansfeld*, and Mr. *Whitlock* were on Saturday last called to a very honourable hearing in the Queens Presence Chamber at *White-Hall* before the Lords of the Council, with intervention of my Lord *Cook*, the Lord chief Baron of the Exchequer, and Master of the Roles, the Lord chief Justice being kept at home with some infirmitie. There the Attorney and Sollicitor first undertook Mr. *Whitlock* and the Recorder (as the Kings Sergeant) Sir *Robert Mansfeld*; charging the one as a Counsellor, the other as a questioner in matter of the Kings prerogative and Sovereignty, upon occasion of a Commission intended for a research into the administration of the Admiralty : against which the said Sir *Robert Mansfeld* (being himself so principal an officer therein) had sought some provision of advice,
and

and, This was the sum of the charge: which was diversly amplified. *Whitlock* in his answer, spake more confusedly, than was expected from a Lawyer, and the Knight more temperately, than was expected from a Souldier. There was likewise some difference noted, not only in the manner, but in the substance between them: For *Whitlock* ended his speech with an absolute confession of his own offence, and with a promise of employing himself hereafter in defence of the Kings prerogative. Sir *Robert Mansfeld* on the other side, laboured to distinguish between the error of his acts, and the integrity of his zeal and affection towards the King his Master: protesting he should hold it the greatest glory under Heaven to die at his feet, and that no man living should go before him, if there were occasion to advance his dominions, with some other such Martial strains, which became

became him well. The conclusion of his speech had somewhat of the Courtier, beseeching the Lords, if the restraint he had indured were not in their judgements a sufficient punishment of his error, that then they would continue it as long as it should please them, and add unto it any other affliction of pain or shame whatsoever; provided that afterwards he might be restored again into his Majesties favour, and their good opinions. To tell you what they all severally said that day, were to rob from the liberty of our discourse when we shall meet. In this they generally agreed, both Counsellors and Judges, to represent the humiliation of both the Prisoners unto the King in lieu of innocency, and to intercede for his gracious pardon: Which was done, and accordingly the next day they were enlarged upon a submission under writing. This is the end of that business, at which
were

were present as many as the room could contain, and men of the best quality, whom the King was desirous to satisfy, not only about the point in hand, but in some other things that were occasionally awakened; which I likewise reserve to our private freedom.

The Kings Officers are returned from my Lady *Elizabeth*; whom they left at *Goltzheim* the last of *May*, where His Majesties expence did cease. This place was chosen for her consignment in stead of *Bacherach*, suspected of contagion. She was at *Andernach* feasted by the Elector of *Cullen*; at *Confluence*, or *Cobolentz* (as they call it) by the other of *Trier*; and at *Mentz* by the third of those Ecclesiastick Potentates, very Royally and kindly, and (which was less expected) very handsomly. The Count *Maurice*, and his Brother with troops of Horse, and a guard of Foot, accompanied

B

panyed her to *Cullen*, and entred themselves into that City with her: (I need not tell you, that though themselves were within, the Horse, and most of the Foot were without the walls) Which is here (by the wiser sort of Interpreters) thought as hazardous an act, as either of them both had done in the heat of War; and indeed no way justifiable *in foro sapientie*. And therefore such adventures as these must appeal *ad forum Providentie*; where we are all covered by his vigilant mercy and love: to which I commit you, and my sweet Neece in my hearty prayers.

Your faithful poor friend,

Uncle, and Servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

Sir,

I Send you a sprigg of some flowers, which I have newly received out of *Piedmont*, in Winter and Summer the same; and therein an excellent type of a friend.

I am bold likewise to keep my self in the memory of my Neece, till I see her, with a poor pair of Gloves of the newest fashion:

Inventore Henrico Wottono,

Sculptore Crocio.

The 18. of *June*, 1613.

Friday the 25. *June*, 1613.

Sir,

I Told you in my last, that I would take the commencement at *Cambridge* in my way towards you, where

I shall be God willing to morrow seven-night. This I now repeat, to save the telling of it again by the next Carrier, fore-seeing that I shall then be impatient of so much delay as a line of mine own effusion, which even now doth torture me, while I contemplate some of those green Banks (that you mention) where when I have you by me (to express my contentment in the *Italian* phrase) *Non scrivero al Papa fratello*. The Ambassador of *Savoy* departed yesterday, making much haste homewards, or at least much shew of it; where he is likely to come timely enough to the warming of his hands at that fire which his Master hath kindled; whose nature in truth doth participate much of the flint, as well as his state. But is not all this out of my way? Sir, Believe it, my spirits do boyl, and I can hold my Pen no longer then till I have wished all Gods blessings to be with you,
and

and with that best Neece of the
World,

Your poor Uncle, and
faithful Servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

Albertus was yesterday with me at
the Court. And though there be
great disproportion in the space, yet
I dare conclude, that as much
strength as did carry him to *Green-
wich*, will bear him to *Redgrave*.

July 2. 1613.

Sir,

WHereas I wrote unto you,
that I would be at *Cam-
bridge* as on Saturday next; I am now
cast off again till the Kings return to
London, which will be about the
middle of the week following. The
delay grows from a desire of seeing
Albertus his business settled before

we come unto you, where we mean to forget all the world besides. Of this we shall bring you the account.

Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the banks side. The Kings Players had a new Play, called *All is true*, representing some principall pieces of the reign of *Henry 8.* which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of Pomp and Majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the Guards with their embroidered Coats, and the like: sufficient in truth within a while to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now, King *Henry* making a Masque at the Cardinal *Wolsey's* house, and certain Chambers being shot off at his entry, some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought

thought at first but an idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less then an hour the whole house to the very grounds.

This was the fatal period of that vertuous fabrique ; wherein yet nothing did perish, but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks ; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle Ale. The rest when we meet : till when, I protest every minute is the siege of Troy. Gods dear blessings till then and ever be with you.

Your poor Uncle and
faithful servant.

HENRY WOTTON.

I have this week received your last of the 27. of *June*, wherein I see my

B 4

steps

steps lovingly calculated, and in truth too much expectation of so unworthy a guest.

June 8. 1614.

Sir,

IT is both morally and naturally true, that I have never been in perfect health and chearfulness since we parted: but I have entertained my minde; when my body would give me leave, with the contemplation of the strangest thing that ever I beheld, commonly called in our language (as I take it) a Parliament: which hath produced nothing, but inexplicable riddles in the place of Laws. For first, it is aborted before it was born, and nullified after it had a being; insomuch, as the Count *Palatine* (whose naturalization was the only thing that passed in both houses) is now again an Alien. And whereas all other Parliamenrs have had

had some one eminent quality that hath created a denomination: some being called in our Records mad Parliaments, some, mercilefs, and the like: This I think, from two properties almost insociable or seldom meeting, may be termed the Parliament of greatest diligence, and of least resolution that ever was, or ever will be; For our Committees were as well attended commonly, as full Houses in former Sessions; and yet we did nothing, neither in the forenoon, nor after, whereof I can yield you no reason, but this one, that our diversions were more then our main purposes; and some of so sensible nature as took up all our reason, and all our passion in the pursuit of them. Now, Sir, what hath followed since the dissolution of this Civil body, let me rather tell you, then lead you back into any particularities of that which is passed.

It pleased His Majesty the very

B 5

next

next morning, to call to examination before the Lords of his Council, divers Members of the House of Commons, for some speeches better becoming a Senate of *Venice*, where the Treaters are perpetual Princes, then where those that speak so irreverently are so soon to return (which they should remember) to the natural capacity of Subjects. Of these Examinants, four are committed close Prisoners to the Tower: 1. Sir *Walter Chute*. 2. *John Hoskins*. 3. One *Wentworth* a Lawyer. And 4. Mr *Christopher Nevil*, second son to my Lord of *Apergavenie*.

The first made great shift to come thither: For having taken in our house some disgrace in the matter of the undertakers (of whom he would fain have been thought one) to get the opinion of a bold man, after he had lost that of a wise; he fell one morning into a declamation against the times, so insipid, and

so

so unseasonable, as if he had been put but out of his place for it of *Carver*, (into which one of my *L. Admirals* Nephews is sworn) I should not much have pitied him; though he be my Countryman. The second is in for more wit, and for licentiousness baptized freedom: For I have noted in our house, that a false or faint Patriot did cover himself with the shadow of equal moderation; and on the other side, irreverent discourse was called honest liberty: so as upon the whole matter, No excesses want pretious names. You shall have it in *Pliny's* language, which I like better then mine own translation; *Nullis vitiis desunt pretiosa nomina.*

The third is a silly and simple creature, God himself knows; and though his Father was by *Queen Elizabeth* at the time of a Parliament likewise put into the place where the son now is, yet hath he rather inhe-

inherited his fortune, then his understanding. His fault was the application of certain Texts in *Ezekiel* and *Daniel* to the matter of impositions; and saying that the *French* King was kill'd like a Calf, with such like poor stuff: Against which the *French* Ambassador (having gotten knowledge of it) hath formed a complaint with some danger of his wisdom.

The last is a young Gentleman, fresh from the School; who having gathered together divers Latin sentences against Kings, bound them up in a long speech, and interlarded them with certain *Ciceronian* exclamations; as, *O Tempora, O Mores.*-- Thus I have a little run over these accidents unto you, enough only to break out of that silence which I will not call a symptome of my sickness, but a sickness it self. Howsoever, I will keep it from being hectical; and hereafter give you a better account of mine own observations.

This

This week I have seen from a most dear Neece a Letter, that hath much comforted one Uncle, and a Postscript the other. Long may that hand move, which is so full of kindness. As for my particular, Take heed of such invitations, if you either love or pity your selves: For I think there was never Needle toucht with a Load-stone that did more incline to the North, then I do to *Redgrave*: In the mean time, we are all here well: and so our Lord Jesus preserve you there.

Your faithfullest poor Friend
and Servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir I pray remember my hearty affection to my Cosin *Nicolas Bacon*, and, all joy to the new conjoyned.

I shall propound unto you the next week a very possible Probleme, unto which if you can devise

vise how to attain : *Non scriveremo
al Papa, fratello.*

London, June 16. 1614.

Sir,

THe Earl of *Northampton*, having after a lingring feaver spent more spirits than a younger body could well have born, by the incision of a wennish tumor grown on his thigh, yesternight between eleven and twelve of the clock departed out of this world : where, as he had proved much variety and vicissitude of fortune in the course of his life : so peradventure he hath prevented another change thereof by the opportunity of his end : For there went a general voyce through the Court on Sunday last, upon the commitment of Doctor *Sharp*, and Sir *Charles Cornwallis* to the Tower, that he was somewhat implicated in
that

that business: whereof I will give you a little accompt at the present as far as I have been hitherto able to penetrate. *John Hoskins* (of whose imprisonment I wrote unto you by the last Carrier) having at a reexamination been questioned, whether he well understood the consequence of that *Sicilian vesper*, whereunto he had made some desperate allusion in the House of Parliament, made answer (and I think very truly) that he had no more then a general information thereof, being but little conversant in those Histories that lay out of the way of his profession: whereupon being pressed to discover whence he then had recieved this information, since it lay not within his own reading, he confessed to have had it from Doctor *Sharp*, who had infused these things into him, and had solicited him to impress them in the Parliament: And further, that *Hoskins* hereupon demanding what protection:

protection he might hope for, if afterwards he were called into question; the said Doctor should nominate unto him, besides others (whose names I will spare) that Earl who hath now made an end of all his reckonings: assuring him of his assistance by the means of Sir *Charles Cornwallis*, with whom the Doctor was conjoyned in this practice. Thus came Sir *Charles* into discovery: who being afterward confronted with the Doctor himself, though he could not (as they say) justify his own person, yet did he clear my Lord of *Northampton* from any manner of understanding with him therein upon his Salvation: which yet is not enough (as I percieve among the people) to sweep the dust from his Grave. Thus you see (Sir) the natural end of a great man, and the accidental ruine of others, which I had rather you should see in a letter, then as I did on Sunday at *Greenwich*:
where

where it grieved my soul to behold a grave and learned Divine, and a Gentleman of good hopes and merits carried away in the face of the whole Court, with most dejected countenances, and such a greediness at all windows to gaze at unfortunate spectacles.

The Earl of *Northampton* hath made three of his servants his Executors, with a very vast power as I hear; and for Overseers of his will, my Lord of *Suffolk*, my Lord of *Worcester*, and my Lord *William Haward*: to the Earl of *Arundel* he hath left all his land (which will amount to some 3000. of yearly revenue) besides three or four hundred to Mr. *Henry Haward*, whereof he had before assured him at the time of his marriage; but neither of them to enjoy a penny thereof as yet this eight year: all which time he intendeth the fruits of his estate shall be collected and distributed in legacies and
pious

pious uses according to his will, which hath not yet been seen : but thus much as I have told you was understood before his expiration. To my Lord of *Suffolk* he hath left his house, but hath disposed of all the moveables and furniture from him : And it is concieved, that he dyed in some distastful impression, which he had taken against him upon the voyces that ran of my Lord of *Suffolcks* likelihood to be Lord Treasurer ; which place will now assuredly fall upon him ; and the world doth contemplate my Lord of *Rocheſter* for Lord Privy Seal, and Lord Warden of the five Ports. As for the Lord Chamberlainship, it is somewhat more questionable between my Lord of *Pembroke*, the Duke of *Lenox*, and my Lord *Knovels*. A few daies will determine these ambitions. In the mean time, I commit you (who have better objects) to the contemplation of them, and to the
mercy

mercy of our loving God in all your
waies,

*Your faithfullest poor friend
and Servant,*

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir, I have (I know not how) mislaid the character which I left you: therefore I pray send me in your very next a copy. Therefore I have deferred the matter which I am to propound unto you till the next week, because I must send you some oar of lead, and iron withall, which I have not yet gotten.

Is there no room left for the remembrance of that dear Neece? God forbid. And I pray (*Sir*) tell her besides, that a certain Uncle here (whom yet I will not suffer to love her better then my self) doth greedily expect some news from her.

The

The 7. of *June* stile of the place. 1615.

Sir,

I Hear a little voyce that you are come to *London*, which to me is the voyce of a Nightingal : for since I cannot enjoy your presence, I make my self happy with your nearness : And yet now methinks I have a kinde of rebellion against it, that we should be separated with such a contemptible distance. For how much I love you, mine own heart doth know, and God knoweth my heart. But let me fall into a passion : for what sin in the name of Christ was I sent hither among soldiers, being by my profession Academical, and by my charge Pacifical? I am within a day or two to send *Cuthberd* my servant home: by whom I shall tell you divers things. In the mean while, I have adventured these few lines to break the ice of silence :

silence : for in truth it is a cold fault.

*Our sweet Saviour
bless you.*

Servidore

ANIG O WOTTONI.

My hot love to the best Neece of
the World.

*Right Honourable and my very
good Lord.*

HAVING here lately seen the
deaths of two, and the electi-
ons of two other Dukes within the
compass of six weeks : I have been
bold to entertain your Lordship with
a little story of these changes and
competitions, though with small
presumption that you can take any
pleasure in my simple report thereof,
unless it win some favour by the
freshness

freshness or the freedom. For the rest, The whole town is here at the present in horror and confusion upon the discovering of a foul and fearfull conspiracy of the *French* against this State; whereof no less then thirty have already suffered very condign punishment between men strangled in prison, drowned in the silence of the night, and hanged in publick view; and yet the bottom is invisable.

If Gods mercy had not prevented it, I think I might for mine own paticular have spared my late supplication to the King about my return home towards next Winter: For I cannot hope that in the common Massacre publick Ministers would have been distinguished from other men: Nay, rather we might perchance have had the honour to have our houses thought worthiest the rising. I shall give your Lordship a better account of this in my next.

Having

Having now troubled you beyond excuse, with my poor Papers. Our blessed God keep your Lordship in his love.

Venice this 25.
May, 1618.

Your Lordships
with all true devotion,

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

AMong those that have deep interest in whatsoever can befall you, I am the freshest witness of your unexpressible affections to my most dear Neece ; whom God hath taken from us into his eternal Light and rest ; where we must leave her , till we come unto her. I should think my self unworthy for ever of that love she bare me , if in this case I were fit to comfort you. But it is that only God who can reconsolate

us

us both : Who when he hath called now one, and then another of his own creatures unto himself, will unclasp the final Book of his Decrees, and dissolve the whole. For which I hope he will rather teach us to thirst and languish, then to repine at particular dissolutions. I had in a peculiar affliction of mine own (all within the compass of little time) much consolation from you ; which cannot but be now present with your self ; for I am well acquainted with the strength of your Christian minde.

Therefore being kindly invited by the good Master of the *Rolls* to write by his expresse Messenger unto you ; let me (without further discourse of our griefs) only joyn in this with him, to wish your company divided between him and me.

We will contemplate together when we meet our future blessedness, and our present uncertainties :

And

And I am afraid we shall finde too much argument to drown our private feelings in the publick sollicitude. Gods love, wherein is all joy, be with us.

Your ever true and

From *Westminst.*
this 16. *Apr.*
1626.

hearty servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

From the *Colledge* the 14. of
Decemb. 1628.

Sir,

I Have received from *London* the favourable lines wherewith you honoured me then near your departure; which you have somewhat alayed, with the promise of your return at the beginning of the next Term, which consorteth well with a
C change

change of my purpose to Christmas in *Kent*, born in me as I was reading your Letter : For what should I do there in such haste after the Nuptials, when I shall come so as well in Lent ? Much ado there hath been towards the point of conclusion ; like that Aphorism of *Hippocrates* : *Nox ante Christin est molestissima*. Loves being in this like Feavers, as well as in the rest ; for one definition will serve them both : *Cordis accensio*.

Jack Dinely is not yet arrived, but we expect him daily as Messenger from the Queen his Mistress, of her late happy delivery, after a foul report that had been maliciously thrown abroad of her miscarriage by a fall. The Doctor likewise as yet hath given me no answer ; but I will quicken him, and put life I hope into the business.

Now, let me tell you, That the noble Sir *Gervase Clifton* (as in good
faith

faith he is *in ipsis visceribus*) hath been lately here with us, at a time when he hath been content to be entertained with the pastimes of children; a Latine and a Greek *Hypolithus*. How often you were remembered between us, is harder for me to tell you, then I hope for you to believe. Among other discourse he shewed me a little excrescence that he hath beginning upon the uttermost ball of his eyes; a filmie matter, like the rudiment of a Pinn and Webb as they call it. Whereupon fell into my memory a secret that Mr *Bohan* had told me his Mother knew: How to take away that evil in growth, and perchance much more in the infancy, with a Medicine applied only to the Wrists. And I have heard your self likewise speak of a rare thing for that part. I beseech you (Sir) be pleased with all possible speed to intreat that receipt from M. *Bohan*, to whom we shall

both be much beholden for it. And Sir *Gervase Clifton* is already so possessed, that he both sayes and thinks, that nothing will cure him better then that which any way shall come through your hand unto him. No peace as yet with either of the Kings : The more wished I think with *France*, the likelier perchance with *Spain*. No Offices disposed in Court. No Favorite but the Lord Treasurer. More news in my nexr. For the present, God keep you in his dear love.

Servidore,

H. WOTTON.

On the 6. of *March*, 1628.

Sir,

I Beseech you, let these lines with as much affection, though with less civility, convey my good wishes
after

after you, which I should my self have brought before your departure.

You seem to have left the Town somewhat Prophetically, not to be near the noise of a very unhappy morning on *Munday* last: at which time the Parliament assembling again (which you know had been silenced till that day) was then re-ad-journed by the Kings especial Command till *Tuesday* next: Whereupon the Lower-House fell into such heat (one passion begetting another) that the Speaker (who as discharged by the Royal Power, did refuse to read a kinde of Remonstrance which Sir *Iohn Eliott* had provisionally set down in Paper) was forced into the Chair. It is strange to consider the lubricity of popular favour: For he that before during this whole Session (if so we may call it) and the former, was so highly commended, and even in this very act by some of

the soundest and soberest of the House; yet with the generall Body is so stript of all his credit in a moment, that I have hardly seen in any Chymical work such a precipitation. What hath insued, will be better told you by this good Captain. Some think the Parliament doth yet hang upon a thred, and may be stitched again together: But, that is an ayrie conceit in my opinion; yet the peace of *Italy*, and the preparations of *France* against us, are voyced so strongly, that I verily believe we shall have a new summons.

The States of the low Provinces have since their *Western* great Prize, newly taken a *Careck* out of the East, of huge value: so as their acts are, *Sub utreque sonantia Phæbo*.

I have not yet sent those Verses to Mrs *Katherine Stanhope*, that she may rather have them in the second Edition: For the Author hath licked them over, and you shall have a
new

new Copy sent you by the next Carrier. We have met together once or twice since your going *loco solito*; but like a disjoynted company, wanting one of our best pieces: God send us often chearfully together: And so I rest

Your hearty servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

When *Jack Dinely* shall return out of *Lincolnshire*, I will give you an account what I writ by him to the Queen of *Bohemia* about your Spiritous Nephew. And I will not forget to rouse the Doctor at *Cambridge* in the charitable intention. I pray remember my service to your whole name, and to my Noble Cousin Sir *Drue*: To whom I will write the next week.

Sir,

I Know that between us there needs little complement : for which I am for my part so unproper and so unmoulded, that I often neglect even civil duties : as well appeared by my coming from *London* without taking leave of you : but yet I cannot be wanting unto your self, nor to the least of your name in any real service, for that were too much violence to my nature : therefore before my coming from *Westminster*, I wrote such letters to the Queen of *Bohemia* about your Spiritous *Frank* (as I hope, together with the good offices of the bearer thereof) will place him with the Prince of *Orenge* when he hath taken the *Busse*. I could have wished that his lively blood had been a little fleshed at that siege. But *Jack Dinelies* long stay at *London* for his dispatch, and at *Gravesend* for a wind hath lost us time. We hear that the
King

King of *Spain* upon the peazing of his affairs in *Italy* (where a palm of ground importeth him more then a Province abroad) was resolved to make the Marquess *Spinola* Governour of *Milan*, and that the Count *Henry Vanden Berge* should command the Armies in chief under the Infanta. If this be so, there will be there *Bella plusquam Civilia*, for you know he is near of blood to the Prince of *Orenge*, though he hath some a little nearer: for he hath one or two by his own sister, as I remember they told me in his Town of *Maestrick*. The other employment of the Marquess is a counsel, plainly taken rather from necessity then reason. For otherwise jealousie of state would hardly commit so much power to a Genouese in the Confinnes of his own Country, unless I have forgotten my forein Maxims.

I have my head towards *Kent*,
C 5 with

with a hope to see you first there, and afterwards at our Election : which will be the third of *August*. And so with my humble and hearty remembrance to that best of men, and noblest of Ladies, I rest

Il suisçeratissi manente

This *Munday* night
late. 1629. *vostro,*

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

ALthough I intend to write again speedily, and at a little more ease unto you by *James*, and then to send you and Sir *Gervase Clifton* the Copy of a letter, which *Giovanni* tells me you both desire : yet lest you should send over your *Frank* (who hath from you all his sails and fraught) without part of his balast from me, I have hastened the inclosed letters unto your hand, with
the

the copy of mine to the Queen of *Bohemia*: the other are *adhanc formam*. I could wish that he would begin with *Jack Dinely*, and slide first unseen to *Leyden*: who will bring him thence to the Queen, and acquaint him with all due respects.

I have written to the Countess of *Levisstain* to cherish him also: a great and assiduous Lady with the Queen, and by Title, my noble Secretary. This is all that I need say at the present. Doctor *Sharpe* and I do threaten you the next Christmas. In the mean while

Your humble servant.

From the Colledge
this *Tuesday*.
1629.

HENRY WOTTON.

Optimo virorum; and to his
most worthy Lady. S.

Sir,

Sir,

THe very truth is, your love hath prevented me : for I meant by *Giovanni* to give you some account of what hath passed since our divorcement. When I had slept half an hour after you were gone from *Darford*, I found my self *fresco come una rosa* : but I awaked in a strange dream, that had seldom before befallen me in an Inn ; finding nothing to be paid, not so much as for mine own horses : whereby the reason was plain of the paleness of my water which you observed : for none of the tincture of my gold was gone into the reckoning of the drink, as you had handled the matter.

At the top of Shooters hill my footman stayed, as if he had been watching the Beacon rather then for me ; and told me there were good provisions made at Sir *Adam Newtons* for you and me, with kinde expectation of us both. But my self being
desirous

desirous to reach *Eton* that night, as I did, (for my horses I see travail best upon an other mans purse) I blanch-ed the house, and sent thither by *Giovanni* a fair excuse. True it is, we are much of a humor: *Cento Bue* will hardly draw us in a journey to any strange place.

At that time likewise *Will* brought me a letter from Mr. *Griffith*, which had been expressly sent to *Gravesend* the night before: whereby I saw *Giovanni* had taken a false alarm: for he was not to be gone till the *Munday* morning following: so as I have had time to ballast him with letters: And I have intimated beforehand to your *Jack Dinely*, your purpose to pass over the spiritous *Frank* as soon as you can trick him. We are now towards the Festival of our Election; wherein annually I make a shift to loose four or five friends, and yet do my self no good: so as they are angry with me on the one

one side, and they laugh at me on the other.

I apprehend this year a great poverty of Venison with us : for I came too late to exchange your warrant ; and my Lady *Throckmortons* will not serve my turn.

Since my coming, Mr. *Turvil* a French practical man of good erudition hath passed a day or two with me, from whom I hear a shrewd point ; That the oath of peace (which should have been taken between the two neighbouring Kings upon the same day) is put off for a moneth : I believe the stop be in *France* to gain time to disturb our Treaty with *Spain*.

Mr. *Pim* (a man whose ears are open) told me likewise yesterday a strange thing ; that the Queen of *Bohemia* hath newly, being hunting, been chased away her self with some affrightment from *Rhenen* by certain Troops of the enemy that have passed

passed the *Iſel*. With whom it was feared the Count *Henry Venden Berge* would joyn and ravage the *Velow*. Yet withall were come tidings, that the Prince of *Orenge* at the *Buſſe* had had parly offered him. But my intelligences are *Ciſtern waters*: you are nearer the *Fountain*. And not only, *Dulcius ex ipſo Fonte bibuntur aqua*, but *verius* too. For both will ſtand in the verſe.

Before I end, let me beſeech you, to remember my humble and hearty devotion (in the very ſtile of *Seneca* to his *Lucilius*, and I ſhall need to ſay no more) *Optimo Virorum*. I envy your enjoyments and converſations, and moſt when they are privateſt, for then they are freeſt. I hope the Noble Lady will return quickly again to her *Hesperian Garden*. To whom I pray, likewise let my humble ſervice be remembred. And ſo I reſt,

From the Colledge this
Wednesday night, 1629.

*Excepto quod non ſimul
eſſes caetera letus.*

HENRY WOTTON.

May it please Your Majesty,

THis Bearer is that Lad, by name *Frank Bacon*; for whom your Majesties intercession with the Prince of *Orenge*, hath bound so many unto you here. It is your goodness that hath done it, and therefore he is addressed by his friends (and by me who am the meanest of them) first thorow your gracious Hands, and laid down at your Royal Feet.

There is in him (I believe) metal enough to be cast into good form: And I hope it is of the noblest sort, which is ever the most malleable and plyant. Only one thing I fear, that coming from a Country life, into the lustre of Courts, he will be more troubled with it, then with the hissing of Bullets.

Now when I consider (as I do at the present) that besides your Majesties antienter favours towards me,
and

and to them that have been, and are so dear unto me ; some gone, and some remaining ; you have lately received the childe of my very worthy friend M. *Griffith*, about the Prince your son ; and honoured this other with your especial recommendation, in such a forcible and expresse manner as you were pleased to do it : I say, when I consider all this, I cannot but fall into some passionate questions with mine own heart. Shall I die without seeing again my Royal Mistress my self ? Shall I not rather bring her my most humble thanks, then let them thus drop out of a dull Pen ? Shall such a contemptible distance, as between *Eton* and the *Hague* divide me from beholding how her vertues overshine the darkness of her fortune ? I could spend much paper in this passion ; but let it sleep for the present : And God bless your Majesty,

Aug. 16. 1629.

As I am Yours.

After

After this humble and just acknowledgement of my obligations unto Your Maj., it were a miserable thing for me to tell you, that at our late Election, I have remembered Your Commandment in the first place; I should indeed rather ask what Your Majesty will have next done.

My noble Nephew.

I Am sorry that your Cast of *Buck-names* cannot be served at this Election: For to choose one of them (and that must have been in a low place) had been discomfortable: they will lie best at ease together. Yet I have thought of a way the next year, in all event not to fail; which is, to divide them between *Westminster* and *Eton*. Their Election precedeth ours some three weeks; and truly upon my late observation there, I must needs say, that school mouldeth good Scholars, and of certainer preferment to either of the Uni-

Universities (for some go to *Oxford*, and some to *Cambridge*) then this : out of which the issue is alwayes hard, and the entrance not alwayes easie. Glad I am to hear by your Letter, that you have gotten so good a School-Master, that they may be well mued in the mean while. Betwixt this and the next turn, I shall lay you down an infallible course for them. And this must content their good father at the present.

If your Masons Brother (who was here on *Sunday*) had stayed till the next morning, there was some practicable hope to have sped the Boy this year to *Cambr.* but some unfortunate haste, and despair of so many places as fell open, carried him away.

If you had not intimated your own coming to *London*, you might perchance have been troubled with me in the Countrey: But I will now languish for the hour you promise this place of seeing you here; where
your

your Venison (which we enjoy by exchange from Mr *Vice-Chamberlain*) hath given us all occasion to remember you thankfully, as a Benefactor to this Board. I will entertain you with no home-noveltyes; but let me tell you a fresh piece of no small noise from abroad. The King of *Sweden* hath landed with 200 ships a great Army of some 40000 in *Germany*, with intention (if the Party of our Religion be not all drowsie) to redress the common Cause; or at least, to redintegrate his near Kinsman in *Meckleburge*, confiscated you know by the Emperor: And the opportunity is fair, while the *Austrian* power is diverted for the help of *Spain* into *Italy*. God bless it, and cherish it as his own business; and in his dear love I leave you: Ever remaining

From your Colledge
this 27. *July*,
1630.

Your faithfull
Servant

HENRY WOTTON.

As intricate as a Flea in a bottom of Flax.

Sir, I will write to you at large after our Election, when my Brains are settled.

Noble Sir, and my most dear Nephew.

VWE were for three weeks together so besieged at your *Eton*, first with an overflow of water from the West, and then with a deep snow out of the East, (contrary quarters conspiring against us) that our ordinary boats, which usually go and return twice a week, could not pass under the Bridges: whereby such a Letter from you as never man received, lay silent at my Chamber in *St Martins-lane* till mine own coming to *London*; to the utter condemnation of my unthankfulness in the mean time: Which truly I should fear, but that it is the natural property of the same heart,
to

to be a gentle Interpreter, which is so noble an Obliger.

Now, Sir, After I had received and read your Letter, I took some dayes to deliberate what I should do, and to let my judgement settle again which was distracted with so kinde a surprisal : should I use a feathered quill to write unto you ? or fly my self to *Redgrave* ? for you had given me wings. At last, I resolved upon both. First, to make this true protestation by writing from my very bowels where it is engraven. That though your bounty (considered in all the circumstances, as well the form, as the matter, and the very opportunity of the time wherein it came, and especially without any imaginable pretence of desert in my self) hath been such, as never befell me before, nor can ever befall me again : yet have you therewith not enriched, but stripped and despised me for ever : Nothing that was before,

fore, either in my power or possession, being after this mine own : for it is all yours, if it were both the *Indies*. So as your kindness howsoever flowing from a tender affection : yet is with me like hard wax, dropped and sealed together.

The next after this, shall be to follow it my self : but therein (after the Spanish phrase) I will take language at the Roles, where I shall understand more punctually about what time you purpose to be here. For, I aym at the convoying of you up to your *Eton*. About which I will write more by the next Carrier : and prepare your self (Sir) with patience while we live, to be troubled weekly with my letters ; wheresoever I am, even when I shall have no more to say then this, which is the least that can be spoken, that I am

Yours,

HENRY WOTTON.

Feb. 13. 1632.

May the 27.

Sir,

I Do as unwillingly put my pen to tell you, as I am sure you will be to hear what hath befalln my Nephew *Albertus* this week. He was going on *Friday* last towards evening in a Coach alone: whose driver alighting (I know not upon what occasion) hard by *Charing-Cross*, the horses (being young) took some affrightment, and running away so furiously, that one of them tore all his belly open upon the corner of a Beer Cart, my Nephew (who in this mean while adventured to leap out) seemeth to have hung upon one of the pins of the boot, from whence struggling to get loose, he brake the waist-band of his hose behind, and so fell with the greater violence on the ground, hurting only the hindermost part of his head, by what possibility we cannot conceive, unless the

the motion of the Coach did turn him round in the fall. The force of the concussion took from him for some hour or thereabouts the use of his voice and sense, which are now well restored; only, there yet remaineth in his left arm a kinde of Paralitical stupefaction, and his right eye-lid is all black with some knock that he took in the agitation of the Coach; which peradventure may have been the motive to make him leap out. But these external evils do not so much trouble us, as an inward pungent and pulsatory ache within the skull, somewhat lower then the place of his hurt; which hath continued more or less since his fall, notwithstanding twice letting blood, and some nights of good rest, and shaving of his head for the better transpiration; which we doubt the more, because it cometh *sine ratione*, his hurt being only in the fleshy part, and very sleight, without fra-

D

Sure

cture of the skull, without inflammation, without any fever, and all the principal faculties, as memory, discourse, imagination untainted. The King hath in this time much consoled us both with sending unto him, and with expressing publicly a gracious feeling of his case: but we must fetch our true comforts from him, who is Lord of the whole: And so I leave it.

Since my last unto you, I am sure you hear how Sir *Robert Mansfield* hath been twice or thrice convened before the Lords, and committed to the Marshalsee; partly for having consulted with M. *Whitlock* the Lawyer about the validity of a Commission drawn for a re-search into the Office of the *Admiralty*, whereof himself is an Accomptant; and partly for denying to reveal the name of the said Lawyer his Friend; who before had been committed to the Fleet for another case much of
the

the same nature. The point toucheth a limb of the Kings Prerogative; and immediate Authority. Sir *Robert Mansfields* Answers (by report) had as much of the Philosopher, or of the Hermite, as of the Souldier, or Courtier; professing openly his little care of this World, or of his own fortunes in it; and divers other phrases of that complexion. Sir *Thomas Overbury* is still where he was, and as he was, without any alteration: The Viscount *Rochester* yet noway sinking in the point of favour; which are two strange consistents.

Sir *R. Drury* runneth at the Ring, corbeteth his horse before the Kings window, haunteth my L. of *Rochesters* chamber, even when himself is not there; & in secret divideth his observances between him & the House of *Suffolk*: And all this (they say) to be Ambassador at *Bruxels*. So as *super tota materia*, I see appetites are not all of a kinde: Some go to the Tower for

the avoiding of that which another doth languish to obtain. I will end with my Paper, and by the next Carrier either tell you precisely when I shall see you, or prevent the telling of it. And so our sweet Saviour bless you and my dear Neece.

From St. *Martins* by the
Fields, this 18. of
Apr. 1633.

HENRY WOTTON.

From St. *Martins* by the
Fields, this 18. of
Apr. 1633.

*To my Noble Nephew long and
cheerfull Years.*

Sir,

BY beginning first with Philoso-
phie, I will discover the Method
of

of my nature, preferring it before the speculations of State.

Take any Vegetable whatsoever, (none excepted in the effect, though some difference in the degree) express the juyce; put that in any vessel of Wood or Stone, with a narrow neck and mouth, not closed at the top, but covered with any thing, so as it may work out above: Set it afterwards in some cold hole in a Cellar, let it stand there some three weeks, or a moneth, till by fermentation it have both purged it self upwards, and by sediment downwards. Then decant from it the clear juyce, and put that in a Limbeck *in Balneo Maris*, or *in Balneo Roris*. The first that riseth will be *Aqua ardens*, useful perchance according to the quality of the Plant; as of Wormwood for the stomack, of Succory, or any of those *Incubæ* for the Liver. And on the sides of the Limbeck will hang a salt; this is the extracting of salt

without calcination; which otherwise certainly must needs consume all the active powers of any Vegetable, and leave nothing but a plastick and passive vertue.

For the point of preserving that salt afterwards from resolution by ayr into water, I hold it impossible, notwithstanding the proper examples that you alledge; which yet must of necessity yield to it. For as your excellent Uncle sayes, and sayes well, in not the least of his works (though born after him) of his experiments: *Ayr is predatory.*

I have forgotten (for *memoria primo senescit*) whether I told you in my last a pretty late experiment in *Arthritical* pains: It is cheap enough. Take a roasted Turnip (for if you boyl it, it will open the pores, and draw too much.) apply that in a Poultrice to the part affected, with change once in an hour or two, as you finde it dryed by the heat of the flesh,

flesh, and it will in little time allay the pain.

Thus much in our private way, wherein I dare swear, if our Medicines were as strong as our wishes, they would work extreamly.

Now, for the Publick, where peradventure now and then there are distempers as well as in natural bodies.

The Earl of *Holland* was on *Saturday* last (the day after your Posts departure) very solemnly restored at Council-Table (the King present) from a kinde of Eclipse, wherein he had stood since the *Thursday* fortnight before: All considered, the obscuration was long, and bred both various and doubtful discourse; but it ended well. All the cause yet known, was a verbal challenge sent from him by Mr *Henry Germain* in this form: To the now Lord *Weston* newly returned from his forraign employments. That since he had al-

ready given the King an account of his Embassage, he did now expect from him an account of a Letter of his, which he had opened in *Paris*, and he did expect it at such a time, even in the *Spring-garden* (close under his fathers Window) with his sword by his side.

It is said (I go no farther in such tender points) that my Lord *Weston* sent him by Mr *Henry Percy* (between whom and the said L. *Weston* had in the late journey (as it seems) been contracted, such friendship as overcame the memory that he was Cofin-German to my L. of *Holland*) a very fair and discreet answer: That if he could challenge him for any injury done him before, or after his Ambassage, he would meet him as a Gentleman, with his sword by his side where he should appoint. But for any thing that had been done in the time of his Ambassage, he had already given the King an account thereof,

thereof, and thought himself not accountable to any other. This published on *Thursday* was fortnight, the Earl of *Holland* was confined to his Chamber in Court, and the next day morning to his house at *Kensington*, where he remained without any further circumstance of restraint, or displeasure *Saturday* and *Sunday*: on which dayes being much visited, it was thought fit on *Munday* to appoint M. *Dickenson* one of the Clerks of the Council, to be his Guardian thus far, that none without his presence should accost him. This made the vulgar judgements run high, or rather indeed run low, That he was a lost and discarded man, judgeing as of Patients in Feavers, by the exasperation of the fits. But the Queen (who was a little obliquely interrested in this business, for in my Lord of *Hollands* Letter, which was opened, she had one that was not opened, nor so much 'as

they say) as superscribed; and both the Queens and my L. of *Hollands* were inclosed in one from M. *Walter Mountague* (whereof I shall tell you more hereafter.) The Queen I say, stood nobly by him, and as it seems pressed her own affront. It is too intricately involved for me so much as to guess at any particulars. I hear generally discoursed, that the opened dispatch was only in favour (if it might be obtained) of *Monfr de Chateau Neuf*, and the *Chevalr de Farr*; (who had both been here) but written with caution (and surely not without the Kings knowledge) to be delivered, if there were hope of any good effect, and perchance not without order from His Majesty to my Lord *Weston*; afterwards to stop the said Letters, upon advertisement that both *Cateau Neuf*, & *de Farr* were already in the Bastille. But this I leave at large, as not knowing the depth of the business.

Upon

Upon *Munday* was seven-night
fell out another quarrel, nobly car-
ried (branching from the former) be-
tween my *L. Fielding* and *M. Goring*,
son and heir to the Lord of that
name. They had been the night
before at supper, I know not where
together; where *M. Goring* spake
something in diminution of my *L.*
Weston, which my *L. Fielding* told
him, it could not become him to suf-
fer, lying by the side of his sister.
Thereupon, these hot hearts appoint
a meeting next day Morning, them-
selves alone, each upon his Horse.
they pass by *Hide-Park*, as a place
where they might be parted too
soon, and turn into a lane by
Knights-bridge; where having tyed
up their Horses at a hedge or gate,
they got over into a Close; there
stripped into their shirts, with single
Rapiers, they fell to an eager Duel,
till they were severed by the Host
and his servants of the Inn of the
Prince

Prince of *Orange*, who by meer chance had taken some notice of them. In this noble encounter, wherein blood was spent though (by Gods providence) not much on either side there passed between them a very memorable interchange of a piece of courtesie, if that word may have room in this place : Sayes my Lord *Fielding*, M. *Goring*, If you leave me here, let me advise you not to go back by *Piccadillia hall*, lest if mischance befall me, and be suddenly noised (as it falleth out in these occasions now between us) you might receive some harm by some of my friends that lodge thereabouts.

My Lord (replyes *Goring*) I have no way but one to answer this courtesie : I have here by chance in my pocket a Warrant to pass the Ports out of *England* without a name (gotten I suppose upon some other occasion before,) If you leave me here, take it for your use, and put in your
own

own name. This is a passage much commended between them, as proceeding both from sweetness and stoutness of spirit, which are very compatible. On the solemn day of *Saturday* last, both this difference and the Original, between the Earl of *Holland* and the Lord *Weston*, were fairly reconciled and forgiven by the King, with shaking of hands, and such Symbols of agreement: And likewise Sir *Maurice Dromand*, who had before upon an uncivil rupture on his part, between him and my Lord of *Carlile* been committed to the Tower, was then delivered at the same time: and so it all ended, as a merry fellow said, in a Maurice. But whether these be perfect cures, or but skinnings over and Palliations of Court, will appear hereafter: Nay, some say very quickly, for my Lord *Westons* Lady, being since brought to bed of a daughter, men stand in a kind of suspence, whether
the

the Queen will be the Godmother after so crude a reconciliation, which by the Kings inestimable goodness, I think may pass in this forgiving week.

For forraign matter, there is so little and so doubtful, as it were a misery to trouble you with it. The States confuted Treaty is put to the stock; and the Prince of *Orange* (by account) gone to the field two dayes since, having broken the business (as they say) by three demands; the resignment of *Breda* and *Guelder*, the dismantling of *Rheynberg*, and the equality of free exercise of Religion on either side. The States are strong in arms, weak in money, owing above six hundred thousand pounds *sterling* in bare interest, besides the Capital. The enemy hath neither money, nor men, nor agreement. *Arena sine calce*; yet I hear (and *ex bonis Codicibus*) that the States are absolutely resolved to be-

besiege no Town this year, unless it be some such place, as may haply fall gently into their lap. They will range with divided troops.

I will have a care in my letters to the Kings only sister (for that is now her published stile even in Sermons) so to commend your *Frank* unto her (whom she was wont to call, when he went first over, her little Pig) that he may speedily have a Captains place.

God bless him, and bless your whole name; to which I am so much tyed, both by the alliance of the sweetest Neece that ever man had, and by your own kindness since her departure to Heaven. And so I rest,

Your indissoluble servant,
HENRY WOTTON.

Your *Hester* is re-entered into the green-sickness, *faulx de je seay quoy.*

I pray burn this hasty letter when you have read it.

Sir,

Sir,

If you have (as I remember once you told me) the Will of Sir *William Pickering*; I pray favour me with a Copy of it for a certain purpose: out of which, if I pick any good, you shall be partaker of it.

I have been for the most part sick since I wrote last unto you, but am now chearfull again.

*To my Noble Nephew many
chearful years.*

Sir,

IT is worth the noting, how commonly the casual firings of houses in Towns do follow one another: And so (methinks) do the inflammations of spirits in Courts: for after the solemn quenching of our late quarrels, there is faln out a new, and shrewdly pursued between Mr. *Harbert Price* a Sewer to the Queen, and

and Mr. *Eliot*, Page to the King.

The beginning they say was upon very sleight occasion : but because a young Lady is an ingredient in the story, I will pass it over. To field they went two daies since upon hot and hasty blood (which somewhat saves it from a deliberate Duel) both shooting the Bridge in several boats ; yet the matter being before suspected, my Lord-Chamberlain sent one Mr. *Hales* (a Scottishman and a good Surgeon, though of late an ordinary Courtier on the Queens side) in quest of them : who found them both on the *Surry* side a mile or two below bridge closed, and (I hear) on the ground. But Mr. *Price* already hurt in three places ; in one of his sides, in his face, and in three of his fingers : the other is come off untouched. This *Price* hath been formerly bred a Souldier, and sometimes (they say) a Lieutenant in the low Provinces. Mr. *Eliot* scarce yet
a man

a man in years : but for height and strength at his full prime, and in both above the common scantling. The King is herewith highly offended : succeeding so freshly upon the late reconcilements. And it is doubted, they will at least lose their places.

The journey to *Scotland* continueth hotly, and his Majesty removeth house to *Theobalds*, that way on *Saturday* come fortnight. But first must be censured the Bishop of *Lincoln* for too many words, and the Citizens of *London* in their undertakings in *Ireland* for too few deeds, which I believe will both trench deep. I shall stay long enough in *London* (not intending to be gone before the Kings remove) to tell you the event: and truly without your beneficent courtesie, I had been wrapt in a strange riddle : for I could neither have staid nor departed.

I received at the Communion in
St.

St. *Bartholomews* on *Sunday* last (being *Easter-day*) in the same *Pue* with your *Hester* and her mother; your *Hester*, either becomes a little tincture of the *Green-sickness* well, or that becomes her well: well she looks I am sure, and in my fancy draws towards the countenance of her sister *Stanhope* more and more, but stealingly. My Niece *Margaret* is come home from her *Artisan* in *Southwark*, with some pretty amendment. The manner of his cure in those imperfections is somewhat strange: He useth no bindings, but oyls and stroakings: of which I take him to be (in all my reading) both the instrument and the Author. My Niece *Ann* will prove one of the handsomest creatures of the world: being much grown, and having rectified a little squinting or oblique look which she had in one of her eyes so far, as the remainder will turn to a beauty. Her mother hath of late been

been much troubled (and I think as much in her fancy, which is the greater cure as in her body) with a pain in her right side; which changeth place, and therefore is sure, but a *flatuous infirmity*: yet it hasteneth her removing to better ayr.

From my Lady my sister at *Canterbury* we hear nothing; I believe she is in travail with her own thoughts about defacing the inscription of the Tomb, as far as *Catholico* and *Catholica* amount unto. And I could wish, as she took your advice in the invention and word upon the Marble, she had done so in the rest: but in that you were no apt Counsellor.

Now, for forein matters. We have fair tydings from *Germany*; that the Princes hold fast together, and things go well: and I am of opinion, that when those parts have learnt as well as the lower Provinces, to spend a Summer upon the siege of a Town, the

the war will nestle there as well as below. For they abound in strong places, and war it self is a great refiner of spirits in little time.

The States are in the field earlier then heretofore : and in all judgement, it importeth no less, then the countenancing and covering of a general revolt of the *geheerten Provinces*, as they call them: of that more in my next. And so (Sir) leaving you in our blessed Saviours love, I rest,

Your *Sviscerato servidore*,

HENRY WOTTON.

From my lodging in St.
Martins-Lane by the
fields, *April 25. 1633.*

Sir, When I have sent you (as I will do by the next Carrier) a new character, I will open my files.

St.

St. *Martins-lane* by the
Fields, the 3. of *June*,
1633.

*To my Noble Nephew, long
and cheerful years.*

Sir,

THis other day at the Cock-pit
in *Shoe-lane* (where my self am
rara avis) your Nephew M. *Robert
Bacon* came very kindly to me, with
whom I was glad to refresh my ac-
quaintance; though I had rather it
had been in the Theatre of *Red-
grave*.

I asked him of his Brother, your
Frank; and he told me he had been
so hindered by winds, as he thought
he was not yet gotten over: At which
I was sorry, for he hath lost the ho-
nour of taking *Rheinberge*: He may
come yet timely enough to see *Guel-
ders* yielded, and after that, to have
his share in *Fuliers*, which they write
from

from the Camp, will be the next piece; and so the States will be Masters of all the tract that lies between the *Maese* and the *Rhene*; and backed with one of the fattest Provinces of Christendom. Besides, we hear they have recovered their former footing in *Brasiel*, and beaten the *Spanish* Fleet. It is hard to say, into what these prosperities will run out: For surely, if they can establish a right correspondency with the upper Armies of *Germany*, and either both hold out, or neither agree without the other; even this Summer will breed notable effects, and among other I hope, the restitution of the *Palatinate*; whereas much as the *Swede* had taken, is offered for 16000 Dalers; whereof the half is payed already by the Duke of *Simmern*, Administrator to the young *Palatin* in his minority, and the other moiety is expected from hence. One thing I must not omit to tell you, that

that the said young Prince was at the siege of *Rheinberge* to initiate him in action. The young Cardinal *Infante* is come you know to *Milan*, and they say will there reside as Governour till he can recover *Casale* and *Pignerolo*, and purge *Italy* of the *French*: So as I believe he will come to *Bruxels* (for thither he finally tends) in the *Spanish* pace. Having thus a little skimmed over our foreign news, give me leave now to entertain you with some novelties of Art. I send you herewith two printed Capps, A triangular Salt-seller, and the top of an Ambar-Ring. The Capps is a pretty fresh invention of a very easie rate; for they will run shortly at some six pence apiece: and they say the sale is monopolized by a woman at *Amsterdam*; which may come to some pretty perfection in the ornament of Curtains and Valances of Beds. or in some fine historified Table-cloth

cloth for a Banquet, or the like. In the invention of the Salt-seller you have an interest your self; for I remember (Sir) you shewed me a whole furniture of Marble-Salt-sellers for a Table of your bespeaking: But there is one that hath only gone beyond you in the cheapness of the Material: For this which you now receive, is but of Seacole, and it is strange to see what a polishment so base a stuff doth take, like the ennobling of a Clown. To the broken Ring there belongs a little more discourse. I bought for a trifle in *Lombard-street* long since, because it had a Flie intombed in the sealing part; which if it had been precisely in the middle, would have shewed like the sculpture of the signet it self. Now a while since by a fall from a Table to the ground, it brake, though in a boarded room. Whereupon, there fell a conceit into my minde, that the Ring was Artificial.

E

ficial Amber, and not Natural; as indeed my servant *Giovanni* and I have since plainly discovered. Now I cannot chuse but smile when I think how much more the first Seller of it might have had from me for the falshood (if he would have said so) then for the truth. For surely many rare things may be made of this composition, and intire insectils of any greatness, and in any posture be inclosed therein; which I am sure will inflame you, as it hath set me on fire already to finde the way how to clarifie the Pasta, which seems to be of Rosin, and perchance some dust of true Amber. And thus you see what easie wayes I take to please my self, while I am conversing with you. Let me add to these a strange thing to be seen in *London* for a couple of pence; which I know not whether I should call a piece of Art or Nature: It is an English man like some swabber of a ship come from
the

the *Indies*, where he hath learned to eat fire as familiarly as ever I saw any eat cakes; even whole glowing Brands, which he will crash with his teeth, and swallow. I believe he hath been hard famished in the *Terra de Fuego*, on the South of the *Magellan-strait*.

Sir, I have heard (I know not by whom) that you had a purpose to be here this *Whitsontide*; but imagining that at least M. *Chitock* may meet you by the way, I have ventured the trouble of these Lines unto you. For mine own estate, I must acquaint you, (because whether well or ill I am yours) that of late I have been much troubled with certain splenetic vapours, mounting to the top of my stomach when it is empty: For which I am in a course of gentle Physick at the present, remembering that of *Galen*, *Ego soleo hortari amicos meos, ut in melancholicis affectionibus abstineant a validioribus remediis.*

My best Phyfick will be your company,

To whom there is none
bound in truer service then

HENRY WOTTON.

OH (my most dear Nephew : for so I still glory to call you : while Heaven possesseth her who bound us in that Relation) How have I of late after many vexations of a fastidious infirmity, been at once rent in pieces by hearing that you were at *London* : what ? said I, and must it be at a time when I cannot fly thither to have my wonted part of that conversation : wherein all that know him enjoy such infinite contentment ? Thus much did suddenly break loose from the heart that doth truly honour you. And now (Sir) let me tell you both how it hath gone

gone with me, and how I stand at the present. There is a triple health. Health of body, of minde, and of fortune: you shall have a short account of all three.

For the first: it is now almost an whole Cycle of the Sun, since after certain fits of a Quotidian Feaver, I was assailed by that Splenetick Passion, which a Country good fellow that had been a piece of a Grammarian meant, when he said he was sick of the *Flatus*, and the other hard Word: for *Hypocondriacus* stuck in his teeth: it is the very *Proteus* of all Maladies; shifting into sundry shapes, almost every night a new, and yet still the same; neither can I hope, that it will end in a solar Period; being such a Saturnine Humour: but though the Core and Root of it be remaining, yet the Symptomes (I thank my God) are well allayed: and in general, I have found it of more

contumacy then malignity ; only since the late cold weather, there is complicated with it a more Asthmatical straitness of respiration then heretofore : yet those about me say, I bear it well, as perchance custome hath taught me : being now familiarized and domesticated evils : In the Tragedians expression : *Fam mansueta Mala.* And thus much of the Habit of my Body. On the other side: My minde is in a right Philosophical Estate of health : that is, at an equal distance, both from desire and hope; and ambitious of nothing, but of doing nothing, and of being nothing : yet I have some employment of my thoughts to keep them from mouldring, as you shall know before I close this letter. But first, touching the third kinde of health. My condition or fortune was never better, then in this good Lord Treasurers time : the very reverse of his proud Predecessor, that
made

made a scorn of my poverty, and a sport of my modesty ; leaving me in bad case : and the world, so as though we now know by what Arts he lived, yet are we ignorant to this hour by what Religion he died, save only that it could not be good, which was not worthy the professing. This free passage let me commit to your noble brest, remembering that in confidence of the reciever, I have transgressed a late Counsel of mine own which I gave to a young friend, who asking me casually of what he should make him a sute, as he was passing this way towards *London* ; I told him that in my opinion, he could not buy a cheaper nor a more lasting stuff there then silence. For I loved him well, and was afraid of a little freedom that I spied in him. And now, Sir, I must needs conclude (or I shall burst) with letting you know, that I have divers things in wilde sheets that think and struggle to get out of

several kinds, some long promised, and some of a newer conception: but a poor exercise of my pen (wherewith I shall only honour myself by the dedication thereof unto your own person) is that which shall lead the way by mine and your good leave, intending (if God yield me his favour) to print it before It be long in *Oxford*, and to send you thence, or bring you a Copy to our *Redgrave*. What the subject is you must not know beforehand: for I fear it will want all other grace, if it lose virginity. And so the Lord of all abundant joy keep you long, *con quella buona Ciera*, which this my servant did relate unto me,

*Who live, at all your
commands,*

HENRY WOTTON.

From your Colledge
this *Ashwednesday*.

1637.

Postscript.

Mr. *Clever* one of the now Fellows of this Colledge (where have been divers changes since it had the honour and the gladness to receive you) being this day returned hither from the Excellent Lord Keeper, to whom we had addrested him about a business that concerneth us : Tells me even at this instant in the account of his journey ; that it pleased his good Lordship to inquire of him twice or thrice very graciously touching my health. I beseech you (My Noble Nephew) let his Lordship see, if it please you, this whole letter (for I dare trust his indulgent goodness, both with my liberties and with my simplicities) and that will tell him my present Estate : which by making it any part of his care, is for ever at his most humble service.

*Noble Sir ; above all the most honoured
and loved.*

UPon the receipt of a letter from you (which came late, and I know not by what misadventure, half drowned to my hands) with advertisement, that you had been at *Sudbury* in your passage homewards assailed with a Quartan : I resolved immediately to visit you by this bearer the best of my flights, and lately well acquainted himself with farther travellers, who yet hath been kept here after my said resolution, that he might bring you a full account of the business touching my inviolat Neece so dear unto us both, which was a part of your foresaid letter, and wherein I am confident you will receive very singular contentment out of the very Originals of some, and true Copies of other letters which I send you by this my
said

said inward servant; and if he were not so, I would not have intrusted him with so tender Papers. The rest of his stay, was only that I might collect among my poor memorials and experiments something condu- cible to the recovery of your health, wherein I reckon my self as much interess'd as in any one thing of this world. I will not say unto you, Courage, as the French use to speak: for you have enough of that within your self: Nor, be merry, in our English phrase (for you can impart enough of that even to others in the incomparable delight of your con- versation) But let me give you two comforts, though needless to the serenity of your spirits. The first, That I hope your infirmity will not hold you long, because it comes (as I may speak, according to the barba- rous translators of *Avicenna*) *In com- plexionato suo*: that is in the very season of the revolution of melan- cholick

cholick humours, for *Omnia Morbus contra complexionatum Patientis vel Temporis, est periculosus aut longus.* The other, That it hath not succeeded any precedent caustick disease, because those Quartans are of all the most obstinate which arise out of the Incineration of a former Ague. The rest I have committed to the instructions and memory of this bearer, being himself a Student in Physick: and though I dare not yet call him a good Counsellor, yet I assure you, he is a good relator: with this dispatch I will intermingle no other vulgar subject, but hereafter I will entertain you with as jolly things, as I can scramble together. And so, Sir, for the present, commending you into the sweet and comfortable preservation of our dear God: I rest

Your faithful poor servant

HENRY WOTTON.

From the Colledge this
6. of Novemb. 1638,

On *Tuesday*, the 16th. of
November.

Sir,

AN express Messenger will ease
us both of the trouble of a cy-
pher: But I was in pain whether I
should send another, or be that Mes-
senger my self, being now as near
you as *Royston*, and scant able to ob-
tain pardon of mine own severity
for not passing farther; yet this may
be said for me, that the present occa-
sion required little noise; and besides,
I am newly ingaged into some busi-
ness, whereof I will give you a par-
ticular account, when I shall first
have discharged that part which
belongeth to your self.

My Lord, my Brother having been
acquainted with the matter inclosed
in your last to me, dispatched the
very next day *M. Pen* down to
Boughton for such writings as had
passed

passed at your marriage ; which having consulted with his Lawyers, he found those things to stand in several natures according to the annexed Scedule.

For the point of your coming up, he referreth that to your own heart ; and I have only charge from him to tell you, that without any such occasion as this, which seemeth to imply your affectionate respect of his Daughter, your own person and conversation shall be ever most welcome and dear unto him.

As for my Lady, through whose knowledge, and my self, through whose hands you have passed this point of confidence ; if you could behold us, and compare us with my Lord, you should see, though no difference in the reality, yet some in the fashion. For to him you must allow the sober forms of his age and place ; but we on the other side are mad with gladness, at the hope we have

have now taken by this occasion of enjoying both you and my Neece this Winter at *London*; and we are contented to profess it as profusely as it is possible for a better Pen to set it down: Nay for my part (who in this case have somewhat single) I flatter my self yet farther, that the Term (whereof not much now remaineth) will accelerate your coming: Which if you resolve, I pray then let me only by this Bearer know it, that I may provide you some fit Lodgings at a good distance from *White-Hall*; for the preservation of blessed liberty, and avoyd-ance of the comber of kindeness: which in troth (as we have privately discoursed) is no small one. Now touching my self.

It may please you Sir to understand, That the King, when he was last at *Hampton*, called me to him, and there acquainted me with a general purpose that he had to put
me

me again into some use. Since which time, the *French* Ambassador (and very lately) having at an Audience of good length besought His Majesty (I know not whether voluntarily, or set on by some of our own) to disincumber himself of frequent accesses by the choice of some confident servant, to whom the said Ambassador might address himself in such occurrences as did not require the Kings immediate ear. It pleased him to nominate me for that charge, with more gracious commendation than it can beseem me to repeat; though I write to a friend, in whose breast I dare depose even my vanities. But lest you should mistake, as some others have been apt to do here, in the present constitution of the Court (which is very ombragious) the Kings end in this application of me, I must tell you that it is only for the better preparing of my insufficiency and weakness for
the

the succeeding of Sir *Thomas Edmunds* in *France*; towards which, His Majesty hath thought meet, first to indue me with some knowledge of the *French* busineses, which are *in motu*. And I think my going thither will be about *Easter*.

Thus you see (Sir) both my next remove, and the exercise of my thoughts, till then; wherewith there is joyned this comfort, besides the redemption from expense and debt at home (which are the Gulfs that would swallow me) that His Majesty hath promised to do something for me before I go.

I should now according to the promise of my last tell you many things, wherewith my Pen is swoln; but I will beg leave to defer them till the next opportunity after my coming to *London*: And they shall all give place now to this one question: Whether there be any thing in this intended journey, that you will

will command : Which having said,
I will end ; ever resting

*Your faithfullest
poor Friend and
Servant,*

HENRY WOTTON.

Cambridge Sunday at night.

Sir,

TO divert you from thinking on
my faults, I will entertain you
with some news out of a Letter
which I have here received from
Venice, of much consequence divers
wayes.

The Bishop of *Bamberge*, a practi-
call Almayn-Prelate (of which kinde
there be enough of that coat, though
not in that Countrey) was treating
in

in Rome a League against the Protestant Princes of Germany, with whom His Majesty (you know) was first by Articles, and is now by alliance more nearly confederate: His Commission he had from the Emperor, *Setto parole tacite* as they call it. Now, while this matter was there moulding, a *Chiaus* arrives at the Emperors Court, with a Letter from the *Turk*; importing a denuntiation of War, grounded upon a heap of complaints easily found out between Princes that do not intend to agree. And accordingly the *Turk* is departed in Person from *Constantinople* into *Hungarie* with great Forces (as my Friend writeth) on a morning *quando nevicava a furia* (by which appeareth the sharpness of the humor) having made a leavy before his going of 5000 youths out of the *Seragli*; a thing never seen before. He hath left behinde him *Nasuf Bassa* as President of his affairs, who told the

Baiolo

Batolo of *Venice* there resident, that his Master was but gone to hunt: and seemeth to have healed the same language with the other Ambassadors: whether out of meer wantonness of conceit, or as esteeming a war with Christians, but a sport in respect of that which he had newly concluded with the *Persian*, I know not: howsoever, this is likely to quash the Bishops business, and I fear it will fall heavy upon *Germany*: which first in it self was never more disunited; and besides, the Emperor in small good will with those that should help him. It will likewise in my conjecture hasten the departure of the Count *Palatine*, or at least (if it so please him) it may well serve his turn for that purpose.

This is all that I have for your entertainment: To morrow morning I depart hence towards *London*: whence I determine to write by every Carrier to you, till I bring my self.

In

In your last you mentioned a certain Courtier that seemeth to have spoken somewhat harshly of me; I have a guess at the man: and though for him to speak of such as I am in any kinde whatsoever was a favour: yet I wonder how I am faine out of his estimation; for it is not long since he offered me a fair match within his own tribe, and much addition to her fortune out of his private bounty; when we meet, all the world to nothing we shall laugh, and in truth (Sir) this world is worthy of nothing else. In the meantime and ever our sweet Saviour keep us in his love.

*Your poor faithful friend
and Servant*

H. WOTTON.

*My Noble, Honoured, Loved,
ever Remembred, ever de-
sired Nephew.*

I Shall give to morrow morning
Matthew Say our Boat-man be-
fore his going a shilling, and promise
him another at his return to deliver
this small packet with his own hands
at the *Green-Dragon* in *Bishopsgate-*
street according to the form of your
address, not for any value of mine
own Papers, but for some things
therein contained, which I wish may
come safely and quickly to you. And
first, I send you your immortal Un-
cles confession of his faith; which I
did promise you at *Canterbury*, solidly
and excellently couched; as what-
soever else had the happiness to fall
under his Meditation, and Pen.
Next, you receive a letter freshly
written me from *Cambridge*, with
mention (God bless us) of a Jesuite
of

of your name: who seems (as all that comes from any of you is piercing) to have sent over lately some pretty insinuating book in matter of Theological Controversie, perchance better dressed then any before, and with more relish commended to the vulgar taste, but I believe it will be the same to the stomach: for well they may change their form, but it is long since we have heard their substance over and over, still the same *ad fastidium usque*. I shall languish to know how he toucheth upon your Name and stirp. The name of my friend who writ me the said letter, I have defaced for the censure of some other things therein, which I should be sorry to adventure at large: but you shall know him from me hereafter; and believe it, he will be worth your knowing.

I cannot forbear to tell you a thing (I know not whether I should
call

call it news, because it is nearer you then to us) but strange in truth, written me from the said University at the same time by the Provost of Kings Colledge there; between whom and me doth pass much familiar correspondency. It is of a weekly Lecture there performed heretofore by the Person of Mr. *Christopher Goad*, and lately deposed with severe commandment (as it should seem) from above, whereupon the women especially by way of of revenge for that restraint do flock to St. *Maries* in such troops, and so early, that the Masters of Art have no room to sit; so as the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of houses were in deliberation to repress their shoaling thither. Methinks, it is a good thing, when zeal in a land grows so thick and so warm. But soft, if I lanch any farther, I may perchance run (which yet were a great mistake) into the name of a Puritan. For that very Lecturer
which

which is now deposed, did live heretofore with me at my table upon especial choice : being in truth a man of sweet conversation, and of sober solidity.

Now, for other things, *Nicolas Oudard* brought me the *Friday* after his departure from you the glad tidings of your Agues discharge, as you then conceived it would be at the twentieth Access, according (as you seem to have told him) to a common observation with you there : so as in *Suffolk*, I see you count Quartan fits, as you do your sheep, by the score. I could heartily wish you would take for some time after it *Alternis Diebus*, my preparation of the *Lignum Sanctum*, with addition likewise of the roots of *China*, *Enula Campana*, and a sprig of *Tamarisque*, all in the decoction of Barley-water, and quickned with a little sprinkling of a Lemmon : a rare Receipt to corroborat the Viscera, and to keep

F

the

the Stomack in *Tono*. My said *Nicolas* tells me likewise, that you began to chirp upon being in *London* the next Term. I should be glad with your favour to know that point precisely : for having a purpose (by Gods dear blessing) to visit you at *Redgrave* (which will be the best Cordial I took in long time) I would shape my course circularly, either from *Suffolk* to *Kent*, or from *Kent* to *Suffolk*, as I shall hear of your motions towards the beginning of next Lent. For novelties of Court and State, all mens minds at the present with us seem magnetical, looking towards the North. Order is come down this day to the Justices of this Shire, about a general muster at *Alisbury* the next week, and for especial watch at the Beacons : so as any burning of a bush by chance near one of them, would set the whole Province in an alarm ; but notwithstanding these good providences, we
hope

hope well of the issue: and the rather, for that a pretty strong conceit runneth, that the Deanery of *Durham* is reserved for Doctor *Belkanquel*, as a reward of his travails to and fro in this great business. While we are uniting our ceremonious breaches, The Kings of *France* and *Spain* abroad treat hard this Winter about a peace, as one writeth; (and I believe very truly) without consideration of any other Prince or State but themselves. If this be so, and take effect in that manner, then is *Charles de Loraine Exutus Lepidus*, stript to his shirt, the Count *Palatine* left at large, and the *Swede* must stand upon his own feet. But *Brevibus Momentis summa vertuntur*: all depends upon the taking, or not taking of *Brisach*, the *Helena* of *Germany*: and though a Town indeed of great strength and advantage; yet a poor price for so much blood as hath been lost about it. While I am talking of

war, let me tell you what I hear, that your Sir *Jacob Ashley* is grown a great man at Court in private introducements to the King, together with the Earl *Marshall*: our good Sovereign will feel a sufficient man quickly. The States lie still and close oppressed with the adversities of the last year; and with nothing more, then the late ruine of fourty well laden ships by the *Texel*, wherein with deploration of the whole Province were lost one thousand Mariners.

Touching the subject whereof I sent you an account by *Nicolas*, I have heard nothing since to increase my hope, and much less my faith. You shall have more the next week. Till when and ever our sweet Jesus have you in his love.

Your servant
alla suiscerata

HENRY WATTON.

Sir,

Since I concluded this, Mr. *Hales* (our *Bibliotheca Ambulans*, as I use to call him) came to me by chance, and told me that the Book of Controversies issued under the name of *Baconus*, hath this addition to the said name, *Alias Southwel*. As those of that society shift their names as often as their shirts. And he sayes, it is a very poor thing, only graced with a little method.

From your Colledge,
Decem. 5. 1638.

Sir,

YOur friend Sir *Robert Killigrew* hath been committed to the Fleet, - for conferring with a close prisoner in a strange language: which were (as I hear) the two circumstances that did aggravate his error.

Of his case whose love drew him into it, I can yet make no judgement. The humour seemeth to be sharp, and there is wisdom enough in those that have the handling of the patient to manage the matter, so that at length, his banishment from the Court may be granted as a point of grace. The nature of his alteration was (as you rightly judge it) in the first access somewhat apoplectical, but yet mingled in my opinion with divers properties of a lethargy ; whereof we shall discourse more particularly when we meet, which I now long for, besides other respects, that we may lay aside these Metaphors.

This very morning shall be heard at the Star-chamber the case of Sir *Peter Buck* an inhabitant at *Rocheſter*, an officer (as I take it) of the Navy, who hath lain some good while in prison for having written to a friend of his at *Dover* a letter containing this
news,

news, that some of the Lords had kneeled down to the King for a toleration in Religion: besides some particular asperſion in the ſaid letter of my Lord privy Seal: whom likewise of late a Preacher or two have diſquieted: whereby he hath been moved beſides his own nature, and (as ſome think alſo) beſides his wiſdome, to call theſe things into publick diſcourſe: *qua ſp̄reta exoleſcunt*, if antient grave ſentences do not deceive us.

My Lady of *Shrewsbury*, my Lord *Gray*, and the Lady *Arabella* remain ſtill cloſe priſoners ſince their laſt reſtraint, which I ſignified unto you in a little ticquet. Sir *William Wade* was yeſternight put from the Lieutenancy of the Tower.

I ſet down theſe accidents barely as you ſee without their cauſes, which in truth is a double fault, writing both to a friend, and to a Philoſopher: but my lodging is ſo

near the Star-chamber, that my pens shake in my hand : I hope therefore the Ambassador of *Savoy* (who hath already had two audiences) will quickly be gone, that I may fly to you, and ease my heart. By the next Carrier I shall tell you all his business. In the mean while, and ever, our dear Saviour bless you.

*Your faithful poor friend
to serve you,*

HENRY WOTTON.

This *Friday* morning, *May 7.* in such haste, that I must leave my dear Neece unanswered, till I can better assemble my spirits, and call the aid of the Muses.

Sir,

After the rest of your trouble at the present, there remaineth a
prop-

proposition to be consulted with you : about which I should esteem the charge of an exprefs messenger not ill expended, though you were at *Jerusalem*. And both Mr. *Harison* and my self think no man living more proper to solve it, then our *Sir Edmund Bacon*. The Question is this: whether there may not be found some natural Philosophical way to determine the measure of a minute, or quarter, or half, or intire hour, or any portion of time more precisely and uniformly, and infallibly then hath been yet invented by any Mechanical and Artificial motion? And particularly, whether it may not be done by the descent of drops through a Filter, either in *Manica Hippocratis*, or in a Tongue of cloth equally thick, with consideration likewise of all circumstances in that liquid substance which must sink through it. If this may be done, there will be a mighty point obtained in

the rectifying of the Longitudes of the Earth, which depend upon the thoment of the Lunar Eclipses; and Mose, upon the exact determination of the beginning and ending of an hour: for which purpose the great *Tycho Brach* composed divers *Horologies*, and hour-glasses, some running with simple water, some with distilled spirits, some with pulverized metals, and some with crude Mercury; but never to any infallible satisfaction of the point propounded: which likewise would be of singular use in divers Astronomical observations, if it could be once justly regulated. This we commend to your curious judgement. My servant *Nicolas* and I hope to send you some good Flints to be Agatized by your miraculous invention.

I pray, Sir, If you have any of those Island stones which you mentioned unto me at *Canterbury*, bestow a few upon me. But above all forget

get not to let me know where you will be about the beginning of Lent.

Iterum & Iterum vale.

A late letter written towards the end of Lent, by Sir Henry Wotton Provost of his Majesties Colledge at Eaton : To the Right worthy his ever truly honoured, Sir Edmund Bacon Knight and Baronet : touching the loss of friends, and final resignation of our selves.

Sir,

ALL the faculties of my minde (if they had ever been of any value) and all the strength of my body, must yield to the seignory and soveraignty of time over us: But the last thing that will die or decay in me, is the remembrance, how amidst that inestimable contentment which I enjoyed (as all others do) in the
the

the benefit and pleasure of your Conversation (being then with you at *Redgrave* in *Suffolk*, both your delightful Mansion and Philosophical retreat, where you are best, because there you are most your self, though every where well imparted to your friends) I was then surprized with advertisement from Court of the death of *Sir Albertus Morton*, my dear Nephew in the vernality (as I may term it) of his employments and fortunes under the best King and Master of the World. And how no great time after (as adversities are seldom solitary) there succeeded in the same place the departure of my no less dear Neece, your long, and I dare say, your still beloved Consort (for love and life are not conterminable) as well appeareth by your many tender expressions of that disjunction, and by that Monument of your own excellent invention which you have raised to her memory.

This

This (Sir) ever freshly bleeding in me, and withall revolving often in my retired thoughts, how I have long since overlived my loving Parents, all mine Uncles, Brothers, and Sisters, besides many of mine especial Friends and Companions of my youth, who have melted away before me; and that I am now my self arrived near those years which lie in the suburbs of Oblivion, being the sole Masculine Branch of my good Fathers house in the County of *Kent*: So as that poor Name and Reputation which my Ancestors have heretofore sustained by Gods permission, must expire and vanish in my unworthiness: I say (Sir) again and again debating often these Circumstances with my self (and truly not without the common weaknesses & passions of humanity, from which I am of all men least exempted) an extream desire did lately assail me to entertain between my other Private Studies

Studies some such discourse as might work upon mine own minde, and at least abstract awhile, if not elevate my cogitations above all earthly objects. Whereupon, towards the end of this last Lent (a time of contracted thoughts) I fell to think of that Theam, which I have now entituled, The loss of Friends and final Resignation of our selves. Intending, though it be the highest and uttermost point of Christian Philosophy to familiarize it between us as much as I can, and to address it in form of a letter to yourself. For, with whom can I treat of this matter more properly, being both of us almost precisely of equal age, and by the love which you are pleased to bear me, all Joy in the Fruition, and all Grief in the Privation of Friends common between us.

Now Sir, &c.

Sir,

Sir,

NOW I begin : but why not before ? That question shall be answered by the next Carrier, or by a special messenger the next week, at which time you shall have an account of all that hath passed, and some prognostication also upon the future : for my pen is grown bold and eager with rest, as dogs that are tyed up.

At the present all my care is to let you know that I have received your last with the enclosed : which although I well understand my self, yet I have not had time since the decyphering to acquaint the party with it, which shall be done as soon as I have sealed this, and sent it to the Carriers.

I thought now to have said no more : but lest it lose the grace of freshness, I pray let me tell you, that yesterday morning the Vicount Rochester was very solemnly in the Banquet-

Banqueting-hall in the sight of many great ones and small ones created Earl of *Somerset*; and in the afternoon for a farther honouring and signalizing of the day, my Lord *Cook* (brought in by the said Earl) was sworn a privy Counsellor: to counterpoise the difference of the profit between the Common-pleas, and the Kings Bench.

I will turn over the leaf though I die for it, to remember the heartiest love of my soul to that good Neece, to that sweet Neece; to whom I have much to say by the next opportunity. Our dear Saviour keep you both in his continual love.

Your faithfullest Servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

Touching the project of our house, believe it Sir, I boyl in it; and am ready to begin again that I
may

may tell you how busie I have been in the matter : but let this also be put over till the following week, which is likely to fall heavy upon you.

Written on the day of our great preservation, for which our God be ever glorified.

On *Midsummer* morning.

Sir,

LIke a woman great with childe I have threatened you almost every week with a proposition of profit: in which kind of breedings, methinks I am of hard birth: but I hope to be brought to bed by the next Carrier. This week hath yet yielded in the publick small effects to entertain you withall; only, some change of opinion about the future great Officers, which are now thus discoursed. The

The Earl of *Suffolk* is still beheld as a Lord Treasurer, and that conjecture hath never fainted since the very first rising of it. But it is thought, that the dignity of Privy Seal shall lie vacant as it did in the *Cecilian* times, and that the execution thereof with the title of Lord Chamberlain, shall be laid on my Lord of *Somerset*; for if my Lord of *Suffolk* should remove from the Kings Privacy to a place of much distraction and cumber without leaving a friend in his room, he might peradventure take cold at his back: which is a dangerous thing in a Court, as *Ruygomez de silva* was wont to say, that great *Artisan* of humours. Of the Office of five Ports, I dare yet pronounce nothing. My Lord, my brother will none of it (as I heard him seriously say) though it were offered him, for reasons which he reserveth in his own breast: yet the late *Northampton* did either so
much

much esteem it, or thought himself to receive so much estimation from it, as he hath willed his body to be laid in the Castle of *Dover*.

Chute, Hoskins, Sharp, & Sir Charles Cornwallis are still in the Tower, and I like not the complexion of the place. Out of *France* we have the death of Doctor *Carrier*; whose great imaginations abroad have had but a short period. And so (Sir) commending you and that dearest Neece to Gods continual blessings, and love. I rest

Your own in faith-
fullest affection.

HENRY WOTTON.

John

John Hoskins to his little child Benjamin from the Tower.

Sweet Benjamin, since thou art young
And hast not yet the use of tongue,
Make it thy slave while thou art
free, Imprison it, lest it do thee.

*A Hymne made by H. W. in the
nights of a great sickness
abroad.*

ETernal MOVE R, whose dif-
fused glory
(To show our groveling reason what
THOU art)
Unfolds it self in clouds of Natures
Story,
Where Man thy proudest Creature
acts his part:
Whom yet, alas, I know not why we
call
The worlds contracted summ, the lit-
tle All. For

For what are we but lumps of walking clay ?

Where lie our vauntes ? whence should our spirits rise ?

Are not brute beasts as strong, and birds as gay ?

Trees longer liv'd, and creeping things as wise ?

Only was given our souls more inward light

To feel our weakness, and confess thy might.

THOU then our strength FATHER of life and death,

To whom our thanks, our vows, our selves we owe,

From me thy Tenant of this fading breath

Accept these lines, which by thy goodness flow :

And thou that wert thy Regal Prophets Muse,

Do not thy praise in weaker strains refuse.

T. et

Let these poor notes ascend unto
thy **THRONE**,
Where Majesty doth sit with Mercy
crown'd,
Where my **REDEEMER** lives,
in whom alone
The errors of my wandring life are
drown'd.
Where all the **QUIRE** of Heaven
resound the same,
That none but **THINE, THINE**
is the saving Name.

Therefore my **SOU L**, joy in the
midst of pain,
Thy **CHRIST** that conquer'd
Hell shall from above
With greater Triumph yet return
again
And conquer his own justice with
his love,
Commanding Earth and Seas to
render those
Unto his blifs for whom he paid his
woes.

Now

Now have I done, now are my
thoughts at peace,

And now my joyes are stronger then
my grief :

I feel those comforts that shall never
cease

Future in hope, but present in belief.

T H Y words are true, T H Y pro-
mises are just,

And T H O U wilt know thy dearly
bought in dust.

*My dearly and worthily ever ho-
noured Nephew.*

THis is that Saturnine time of
the year which most molest-
eth such splenetick bodies (as mine
is) by the revolution of melanco-
like blood, which throweth up fasti-
dious fumes into the head, whereof
I have had of late my share. Howso-
ever this trusty fellow of our Town
being

being hired by one about some business to *Cambridge* (as he is often hither and thither) and acquainting me commonly with his motions, I have gladly stretched his present journey as far as the *Redgrave*: hoping by him to have an absolute account of your well being, which *Nicolas* my servant left in a fair disposition.

Let me therefore by this opportunity entertain you with some of our newest things: but briefly: for I dare not trust my brains too much.

First, for the affairs of *Scotland*: *Est bene non potuit dicere, dixit, Erit.* The wisest Physicians of State are of opinion that the *Crisis* is good; and I hope your Sir *Jacob Ashley*, and my Sir *Thomas Morton* will have a fine employment upon the borders; Honour by the choice of their persons, money by their journal pay, little pains, and no danger. Our Court mourneth this whole Festival with
sad

sad frugality for the untimely death of the young Duke of *Savoy*, our Queens Nephew, hastened they say by the Cardinal his Uncle, who would first have illegitimated him, and that not taking effect by the supportment of *Spain*, he fell to other Roman Arts; so as the said Cardinal to decline this black report, is gone a wandring; and as it is thought, will visite bare-foot the Holy-Land. In the mean time, methinks I see him with a crew of *Banditi* and *Bravi* in his company; and his own conscience a continual Hangman about him. The Queen Mother stirreth little between Majesty and age: She hath published a short *Manifesto* touching the reasons of her recess from *Bruxels*; wherein is one very notable conceit: *That she had long born silently the affronts done her by the Prince, Cardinals, Counsellors, and under-Officers, upon no other reason then the very shame to have recei-*

ved them. Of himself she speaketh with good respect, but I know not how the Character of Humility (which she giveth him) will be digested: For perchance he had rather have been painted like a Lion than a Lamb. Our Queens delivery approacheth; in a good hour be it spoken. There is newly sworn her servant, a lovely Daughter of Sir *Richard Harisons*, our neighbour in *Barkshire*; to answer *Mademoiselle Darci* on her Mothers side. The Count *Palatine* since his late defeat, is gotten in disguised habit to *Hamborough*, and as they say, hath been there visited by the King of *Denmark* amidst that cold assembly of Ambassadors. But in his passage between the said Town and *Bremen*, was like to have been taken by an ambush of Free-booters, who no doubt would have made sale of him. Certain it is, that his Brother Prince *Rupert* fought very nobly before he

he yielded: Whereof such notice was taken, even by the Count of *Hatzfeld* himself, that he hath ever since been kept by him in a strong place, rounded day and night with a guard of naked Swords; yet in the Tablets of one that had leave to visit him, the Prince made a shift to comfort the Queen his Mother with a line or two to this sence: *That whatsoever became of himself, he would never change his Religion nor his Party.* We hear my Lord *Craven* hath made his composition under 20000.l. As for *Ferents*, I believe his own head must ransom him, or his heels. The Popes Treaty at *Colen* goes *il passo del Gambaro*, rather backward then forward. And all deliberatives of State seem to depend much upon the event of *Brisach*; which I use to call the *German Helena*, long woed, but for ought I hear yet an Imperial Virgin. These are our forraign Rapsodies: I will end in

somewhat nearer us. You receive herewith the Copy of my last or second Letter to M. *Carie Raleigh*, and his answer thereunto. Believe it Sir, (what conceit soever his actions shall breed) that he is a Gentleman of dextrous abilities, well appearing in the management of a business so tender and delicate, as that which now runneth between us; which for my part I resolve to press no further. For (to depose my minde as plainly as I may safely in your breast) I never could observe any great good effect to insue upon violent dissuasions in businesses of this nature, but rather an obduration then an abversion: Howsoever I would fain (as the occasion suggesteth) propound unto your judgement a pretty Moral doubt, *super tota materia*, which I have heard discussed and resolved affirmatively among some skilfull Humorists, who knew the world well. The Question was this, *Whether*

ther in such a case precisely as ours of meer scandal, without apparent truth, some inclining to think the worst, and some the best, there be left room for any middle imagination between Good and Ill? In the solution of which point, I will crave pardon to reserve a secret till we meet; at which I believe you will smile.

We are here (God be blessed) all well: Our *Audit* ended a little before *Christmas-day*, more troublesome then fruitful, after the fashion. The same Officers as the year before, every man of them your servant, or otherwise they had wanted my voyce. M. *Harison* hath been of late somewhat more then heretofore troubled, with certain *Nephritical* fits; but they are transient and light, *Et jam mansueta mala*. M. *Powel* speaketh of you with much devotion, as all other whom you have once touched with your *Magnetical* vertue. In the Conclusion let me, as

with a Bōx of *Marmalad*, close up your stomach with one of the Genialest pieces that I have read in my life time, of the same unaffected and discheveled kind, (as I may term it) sent me newly from *London*; which if you have seen before, I am out of countenance. And so (Sir) wishing you (for I cannot wish you better on earth) after the sweet apprehension of Gods continual favour, the fruition of your self: I rest

From the Colledge
on the Eve of the
New year, through
which God send
you a blessed pas-
sage, and many
more.

At what distance

soever, Your unw-

separable Ser-

vant,

HENRY WOTTON.

Yet

YET my minde and my spirits give me against all the combustions of the World, that before I die I shall kiss again your Royal hand, in as merry an hour as when I last had the honour to wait upon your gracious eyes at *Heidelberge*.

I will now take the boldness to conclude my poor lines with a private and humble suit unto your Majesty; which I bring with me out of *Suffolk* from Sir *Edmund Bacons* house, and that whole Family; among whom your Majesties name and vertues are in singular admiration.

There is of that House a young Plant of some sixteen years; well natured, and well moulded both for face and limbs, and one of the bravest spirited boyes in Christendom. It is their joynt ambition, and they have made me their Intercessor, that your Majesty would be pleased to take him for one of your Pages.

They want not means otherwaies to bestow him , but their zeal towards your Majesty, and their judgements guide them to this humble desire, for his more vertuous and noble nurture. And lest the ordinary number of your Majesties Attendants in that kinde, being perhaps full , might retard their hope of this high favour; I have commission to assure your Majesty, that their meaning is not to aggravate your charge , for he shall have yearly a competent provision allowed to maintain him in good fashion. If my Neece *Bacon* of dearest memory were alive, (whom God took not long after my Nephew *Albertus* into his eternal bliss) I am sure she would joyn in this suit unto your Majesty , that all Sexes might enter into the obligation: But it is your Majesties own goodness, from which only we can hope for a favourable answer: And so with all our prayers, and with my particular obliged

obliged devotion, I most humbly
commit your Majesty to Gods re-
served blessings, and continual love,
ever resting

Your Majesties poor

Servant in all truth

and zeal,

HENRY WOTTON.

Sir,

I Must now acknowledge it true
which our Navigators tell us,
that there be indeed certain variati-
ons of the compass: for I think
there was never point of a needle
better touched then you have touch-
ed me, having ever since I parted
from you been looking towards
you, and yet still by something or
an other, I am put out of my course.

I will therefore hereafter not promise you any more to come unto you, but I will promise my self it: because indeed I have no other means to be at peace with my self: for I must lay this heavy note upon your conversation, that I am the unquieter for it a good while after.

This is the first part of what I meant to say. After which I would fain tell you, That I send this Footman expressly unto you to redeem some part of my fault for not answering your late kinde Letter by the Messenger that brought it: But the truth is, I had some special occasion to send to *Berry*: And therefore I will set no more upon your account then his steps from thence to *Redgrave*, where perhaps you now are. See what a real Courtier I am, and whether I be likely to prosper. Well, howsoever, let me entertain you a little by this opportunity, with some of our discourses. The King departed
ed

ed yesterday from hence towards you ; having as yet, notwithstanding much voice, and some wagering on the other side, determined nothing of the vacant places : Whereupon the Court is now divided into two opinions ; the one, that all is reserved for the greater honour of the marriage ; the other, that nothing will be done till a Parliament, or (to speak more precisely) till after a Parliament : Which latter conceit, though it be spread without either Author or ground, yet as many things else of no more validity, it hath gotten faith enough on a sudden. I will leave this to the judicial Astrologers of the Court, and tell you a tale about a subject somewhat nearer my capacity.

On *Sunday* last at night, and no longer ; some sixteen Apprentices (of what sort you shall guess by the rest of the story) having secretly learnt a new Play without book, intituled,

tituled, *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*; took up the White-Fryers for their Theatre: and having invited thither (as it should seem) rather their Mistresses then their Masters; who were all to enter *per buletini* for a note of distinction from ordinary Comedians towards the end of the Play, the Sheriffs (who by chance had heard of it) came in (as they say) and carried some six or seven of them to perform the last act at *Bridewel*; the rest are fled. Now it is strange to hear how sharp-witted the City is, for they will needs have Sir *John Swinerton* the Lord Maior be meant by the *Hog*, and the late Lord Treasurer by the *Pearl*. And now let me bid you good night, from my Chamber in *King-street* this *Tuesday*, at Eleven of the night,

Your faithfullest
to serve you,

HENRY WOTTON.

Fran-

Francesco hath made a proof of that green which you sent me; against which he taketh this exception, That being tryed upon glass, (which he esteemeth the best of tryals) it is not translucent; arguing (as he saith) too much density of the matter, and consequently, less quickness and spirit then in colours of more tenuity.

Sir,

BY the next Carrier (for yet I must say so again) you shall hear when this Ambassador will be gone. The mean while let me entertain you with the inclosed Paper, which the Duke of *Savoy* hath published in his own defence; joyning together the Sword and Reason.

Sir Robert Mansfeld is still in restraint. *Sir Thomas Overbury* not only out of liberty (as he was) but almost

almost now out of Discourse.

We have lately started at a dispatch from *Ireland*, importing a variance there, about the choice of a Speaker in the summoned Parliament ; which came to so sharp a point, that the Deputy was fain to fetch wisdom from hence. Sure it is that the humors of that Kingdom are very hovering, and much awaked with an apprehension taken that we mean to fetter them with Laws of their own making ; which in truth were an ingenious strain of State. My Lord and Lady are stollen down into *Kent* for a few dayes to take in some fresh ayr. They go not this next Progress, if my Brother can get leave of the King to see his Grandchildren ; where he intends to spend some fortnight, and the rest of the time between *Boughton* and *Canterbury*.

A match treated and managed to a fair probability between my Lord
Cooks.

Cooks heir, and the second Daughter of Sir *Arthur Throckmorton* is suddainly broken; the said Lord *Cook* having underhand entertained discourse about the Daughter of the late Sir *Thomas Bartlet*, who in defect of her Brother, shall be heir of that name.

I have nothing more to say, and therefore God keep you and my sweet Neece in his continual love.

Your poor Uncle, faith-

full Friend, and

Willing Servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

Albertus (God be thanked) groweth better and better: And in the midst of his own pains, hath remembered those in *Suffolk*, whom we both so much honour.

Frem.

*From my Chamber this Thursday,
St. George his Eve.*

Sir,

THe last week, by reason of my being in *Kent*, was a week of silence; and this I think will appear unto you a week of wonder.

The Court was full of discourse and expectation, that the King being now disincumbred of the care of his Daughter; would towards this Feast of *St. George* fill up either all or some at least of those places that had lien vacant so long, and had been in this time of their emptiness a subject of notorious opposition between our great Vicount and the House of *Sussex*. Thus I say ran the opinion: When yesterday about six of the Clock at Evening, Sir *Thomas Overbury* was from the Council-Chamber conveyed by a Clerk of the Council, and two of the Guard

to the Tower; and there by Warrant consigned to the Lieutenant as close Prisoner: Which both by the suddainness, like a stroak of thunder, and more by the quality and relation of the person breeding in the Beholders (whereof by chance I was one) very much amazement; and being likely in some proportion to breed the like in the Hearers, I will adventure for the satisfying of your thoughts about it, to set down the fore-running and leading Causes of this accident, as far, as in so short a time I have been able to wade in so deep a water. It is conceived that the King hath a good while been much distasted with the said Gentleman, even in his own nature, for too stiff a carriage of his fortune; besides that scandalous offence of the Queen at *Greenwich*, which was never but a palliated cure. Upon which considerations, His Majesty resolving to sever him from my
Lord

Lord of *Rochester*, and to do it not disgracefully or violently, but in some honourable fashion ; He commanded not long since the Arch-Bishop by way of familiar discourse, to propound unto him the Ambassage of *France*, or of the Arch-Dukes Court ; whereof the one was shortly to be changed, and the other at the present vacant : In which proposition it seemeth, though shadowed under the Arch-Bishops good will, that the King was also contented some little light should be given him of His Majesties inclination unto it, grounded upon his merit. At this the Fish did not bite ; whereupon the King took a rounder way, commanding my Lord *Chancellor*, and the Earl of *Pembroke* to propound joyntly the same unto him (which the Arch-Bishop had before moved) as immediately from the King, and to sweeten it the more, he had (as I hear) an offer made

made him of assurance before his going off the place, of Treasurer of the Chamber, which he expecteth after the death of the Lord *Stanhop*; whom belike the King would have drawn to some reasonable composition. Notwithstanding all which Motives and impulsives, Sir *Thomas Overbury* refused to be sent abroad with such terms as were by the Council interpreted pregnant of contempt in a case where the King had opened his will; which refusal of his, I should for my part esteem an eternal disgrace to our occupation, if withall I did not consider how hard it is to pull one from the bosom of a Favorite. Thus you see the point upon which one hath been committed standing in the second degree of power in the Court, and conceiving (as himself told me but two hours before) never better then at that present of his own fortunes & ends. Now in this whole matter, there is one main and principal

pal doubt, which doth travail all understandings; that is, *Whether this were done without the participation of my Lord of Rochester*: A point necessarily infolding two different consequences; for if it were done without his knowledge, we must expect of himself either a decadence or a ruine; if not, we must then expect a reparation by some other great publick satisfaction, whereof the world may take as much notice. These clouds a few dayes will clear: In the mean while I dare pronounce of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, that he shall return no more to this Stage, unless Courts be governed every year by a new Philosophy; for our old Principles will not bear it.

I have shewed my Lord and Ladies Sister your Letter of the 18. of *April*, who return unto you their affectionate remembrances, and I many thanks for it. The King hath altered his journey to *Thetford*, and deter-

determineth to entertain himself till the progress nearer *London*. The Queen beginneth her journey upon *Saturday* towards *Bathe*. Neither the Marquess *di villa* (who cometh from *Savoy*) nor *Don Pedro* *disarmiento* (who shall reside here in the room of the present *Spanish* Ambassador) are yet either arrived, or near our Coast; though both on the way: So as I can yet but cast towards you a longing, and in truth an envious look from this place of such servility in the getting, and such uncertainty in the holding of fortunes, where me-thinks we are all overclouded with that sleep of *Jacob*, when he saw some ascending, and some descending; but that those were Angels, and these are men: For in both, what is it but a Dream? And so (Sir) wishing this Paper in your hands, to whom I dare communicate the freest of my thoughts, I commit you to
Gods

166

LETTERS.

Gods continual Love and Blessings.

Your faithfull poor

Friend and

Servant,

HENRY WOTTON.

I pray (Sir) let me in some corner of every Letter tell my sweet Neece that I love her extreamly, as God judge me.



FINIS.

er
N.
er
e
d

21228
21228

